The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The September Bookman will be a Bernard Shaw Number, and will contain a special article on George Bernard Shaw by Dixon Scott. Other important articles in this number will be "The Shelburne Essays," by Dr. William Barry; "Crowds," by Richard Curle; "Peacock Pie," by Edward Thomas; "The Diaries of Lady Shelley," by Roger Ingpen; "Women of the Country," by Perceval Gibbon; "Recent History," by Thomas Seccombe; "The Genius of Meredith," etc.

The appointment of Dr. Bridges to the Laureateship has given general satisfaction. Dr. Bridges is a scholarly poet; his work has dignity, a fine technical finish, a beauty of form that few latter-day poets attempt and fewer achieve. His poems may be lacking in fire and emotion, but that they are poetry even his severest critic will not deny, and it is certain that whilst he holds the office of Laureate something of its last century distinction will be restored to it. By a happy coincidence the forthcoming number of the *Quarterly Review* will contain an article on "The Poetry of Robert Bridges."

Mr. George Edgar has written a new novel, "The Red Colonel," which will be published this month by Messrs. Mills & Boon in England, and by Messrs. Appleton in America.

Mr. Fifield is publishing shortly a new edition of Samuel Butler's "Essays on Life, Art and Science." The volume will include an essay on "The Humour of Homer" (which title will be used for the whole book), and a sketch of Butler's life by Mr. H. Festing Jones.

"A Fool's Tragedy," is the title of a new novel by Mr. Scott Craven that Mr. Martin Secker is publishing this autumn. Mr. Scott Craven is well-known as an actor and as a dramatist; he is also distinguished as the author of some of the cleverest humorous verse of recent years; but we believe that "A Fool's Tragedy" is his first essay in prose fiction.

Messrs. Constable are publishing shortly "Odd Numbers," a new volume of humorous verse by Dum Dum.

The Government's new educational scheme gives especial timeliness to Mr. A. J. Tillyard's "History of University Reform," which Messrs. W. Heffer & Sons are publishing early in the autumn. Mr. Tillyard gives the history of such reforms from 1800 to the present day, and supplements this with suggestions towards a complete scheme for the University of Cambridge.

Two well-known Irish novelists—the Hon. Emily Lawless and Mr. Shan F. Bullock — have collaborated in writing a novel of the Ireland of 1898 — a story of character and adventure, that Mr. John Murray is publishing this autumn. Mr. Murray also makes the welcome announcement that a new novel by Miss Mary Cholmondeley, "Notwithstanding," will be ready in September.

The reception given last year to little Miss Daphne Allen's remarkable volume of drawings and paintings, "A Child's Visions," has led to the preparation of a new book by the same gifted young artist, which Messrs. George Allen & Co. will publish next month. This time Miss Daphne Allen appears in the dual *rôle* of artist and author, and "The Birth of the Opal," in addition to many separate drawings, will contain three nature-fantasies which she has both written and illustrated.

Mr. A. G. Gardiner, editor of the *Daily News and Leader*, has collected a second volume of his brilliant studies of notable personalities in contemporary art, literature, politics and social life, and as "Pillars of Society" the book will be published by Messrs. Nisbet & Co. this autumn. An announcement that will be warmly welcomed by every reader of the first volume, "Prophets, Priests and Kings," which has long been out of print.

Mrs. T. P. O'Connor's charming story, "Little Thank You" (Putnam), has run through six impressions in the seven or eight months since its first appearance, and is now listed among the best-selling books of to-day in America.

Mr. Darrell Figgis has completed a new novel, "Jacob Elthorne: The Chronicle of a Life," which Messrs. Dent are publishing this autumn.

The English Association has published as one of its pamphlets the brilliant and suggestive address that Mr. Edmund Gosse recently delivered to its members on "The Future of English Poetry." Mr. Gosse thinks that the principal danger to the future of poetry rests "in the necessity of freshness of expression," and that "with the superabundant circulation of language year after year, week after week, by a myriad careful scribes, the possibilities of freshness grow rarer and rarer." He foreseesa likelihood that this condition of things will lead the poets of the future to cultivate "a patent artificiality, a forcing of the note until it ceases to rouse an echo in the human heart." One has not to look far to see that some of our poets are already doing this in the effort after originality, and Mr. Gosse is justified in the feeling that "nothing is more dangerous to the health of poetry than the praise given by a group of irresponsible disciples to verse which transfers commonplace thought to an exaggerated, violent and involved scheme of diction," and in the apprehension with which he would view any sign of "the purely learned poet, the prosodical pedant," becoming permanently paramount amongst us. "That would indeed," as he says, "threaten the permanence of the art." Mr. Gosse is by no means pessimistic, but he utters some shrewd and timely warnings that all those interested in the progress of English poetry would do well to read and reflect upon.

Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree,
whose new book is reviewed in this Number.
Frontispiece portrait from "Thoughts and Afterthoughts," by Herbert Beerbohm Tree (Cassell).

Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. are publishing shortly what is, we believe, a first novel by Mr. Arthur F. Wallis, and from a glance at the advance sheets

we should be inclined to foretell a roaring popular success for it, only that we never prophesy. It is called "Idonia," and is a romance of the London of Elizabeth's days; the author has steeped his tale in the atmosphere of its period and unfolded it with a gusto and picturesqueness of style which should appeal to that vast multitude of readers who love a good story.

One is so used to hearing America spoken of as a sort of paradise for poets that it seems strange to find that, of late years, several have deliberately deserted it and come over to settle down in the old country. Mr. Ezra Pound has been here almost long enough now to count as an Englishman; a more recent arrival is Mr. Robert Frost, whose first book of poems, "A Boy's Will," was published a few weeks ago by Mr. David Nutt. Born in San Francisco, where his father, a friend of Henry George, edited a newspaper, Mr. Frost was educated at Boston, and became an occasional contributor to the *Forum*, the *New York Independent*, and other American publications. But he disliked city life, and did not number the profitable business instincts among his gifts. After his marriage, he cut himself off from all his other belongings, and for several years lived with his wife and children on a lonely farm in a forest clearing; he was nothing much of a farmer, but contrived to make enough by it for the needs of himself and his family whilst he was giving his soul room and time to grow and developing his poetic gifts. Much of his first volume was written in those days, and reveals his love of nature and of the loneliness of the woods and fields, touches in pictures of the everyday life that lay about him, and is filled with his musings on the mysteries of existence, his dreams of what lies behind him, and his hopes of the future. His verse has a strong individual note, and is marked by an unaffected simplicity and a stark directness of utterance that breathes of austere living and the open air. Mr. Frost has completed a second volume for publication this autumn; it is to be called, "Farm Servants and Other People," and its contents, which include poems on such themes as "The Death of the Hired Man," "The Housekeeper," and a bizarre narrative in verse, "The Hundred Collars," are again drawn, for the most part, from his experiences on that farm in the remote forest clearing.

Mr. Hall Caine,

whose powerful new novel, "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," is published to-day by Mr. Heinemann.

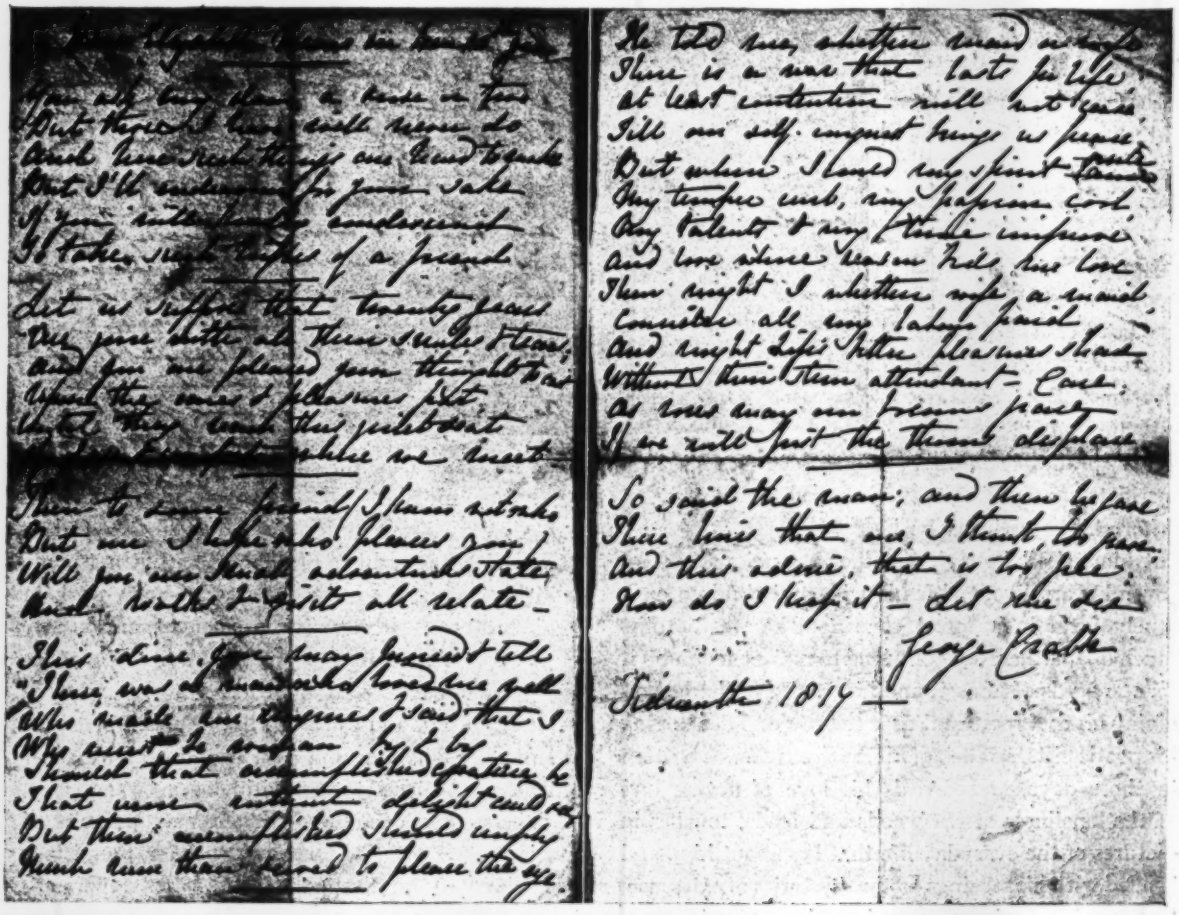
The brilliant authors of "Some Experiences of an Irish R.M.," ask us to find room for the following disclaimer:

> "A review having appeared in a prominent weekly paper attributing to us the authorship of a recently-published volume of Irish stories entitled 'By the Brown Bog,' we shall be much obliged if you will kindly allow us to state in your columns that we are not the authors of this work.
>
> "E. Œ. Somerville.
> "Martin Ross."

Once upon a time the free-lance journalist was always a man; but it is so no longer. Nowadays there are many women of that tribe, but not many who have done a greater variety of good work or made headway with less encouragement, and in face of more disadvantages, than has Miss S. Gertrude Ford. Hampered with ill-health through most of her early years, and forced to live the narrow life of the invalid, she educated herself and, following her natural bent, turned to the writing of prose and verse, at first by way of amusement, later as a means of earning a living. She confesses to have found it a hard life, full of disappointments; her experience has been that editors are very ready to encourage her with praise and promises, but too often neither the

praise nor the promises bear any fruit. But perhaps those editors' sins were not so much in breaking the promises as in making them. If life were longer and the days not so quick and so crowded, we should all leave fewer promises unfulfilled. However, taking her unaided way, Miss Ford has in these last few years contributed topical articles and verse, children's stories, nature studies, and much other miscellaneous prose and poetry to the *Daily News*, the *Contemporary Review*, the *Westminster Review*, the *Poetry Review*, and other magazines and newspapers; she conducts a Poets' School of forty students in one journal, and a "Critic's Chair" in another; incidentally, she has won six prizes and six first-class honours in the famous tournaments conducted by the *Saturday Westminster*. Lately, she has gathered a selection of her poems into a small volume, "Lyric Leaves," which has been published by Messrs. C. W. Daniel, and though, like most books of verse, it has not enjoyed any large sale, it has won golden opinions from several of our leading literary judges. Mr. Stopford Brooke in particular has given her work high praise. There is true poetic feeling and vision in this little book of hers; it covers a wide range of thought and

Madame Calderon de la Barca,
whose famous book, "Life in Mexico," published in London and America in 1843, is about to be re-issued in Messrs. Dent's "Everyman's Library," with an Introduction by Mr. Henry Baerlein.
From a photograph in the possession of Madame de la Barca's relatives at Washington.



Facsimile of some hitherto unpublished verses by George Crabbe. From the manuscript in the possession of his grand-daughter, Mrs. Alice Orr.

M. Pierre Loti,
a new edition of whose admirable travel book "Siam," published by Mr. Werner Laurie, is reviewed on page 225.

emotion, and the best of the poems in it are clearly drawn from her own life and the lives of those about her. She pleads passionately for the rights of women; sings of the joys of town and country and the beauties of the changing year, of the bitterness of poverty, the pleasures of homely things, and quiet living. There is a poignancy of pathos in "The Wife's Appeal":

"If thou coulds't know that Death would come and take me
In one short year. . . . ."

and "Musa Victrix" voices her rebellion against the hardship of the Muse's service, from which yet she could never break away:

"Why should I wear thy chains, albeit of roses,
Finding their thorns so many and so sharp? . . ."

Miss Ford has added to her difficulties by resolutely living up to certain rather rigid ideals. She has put

Photo by Hazel's Central Studios, Bournemouth. **Miss S. Gertrude Ford.**

divers respectable enough periodicals on a sort of black list, and neither offers them her work nor would accept commissions from them. "As an idealist," she says, "I would never submit my work to any but the purest, loftiest, most dignified papers. As a Suffragist, I gave my work free of charge to my own Society's organ, *The Vote*; as a missionary enthusiast I gave it free to a missionary magazine; nevertheless, in spite of these and such-like restrictions and self-denying ordinances, I have supported and am still supporting myself by my pen." It is a record in which she may justly take a modest pride; and if you think her ideals a little too stern and exacting, you will admire all the more the courage and success with which she has maintained them.

Photo by Edward Sweetland, High Wycombe. **Mr. Robert Frost.**

The Prix Langlois has been awarded by the French Academy to M. Auguste Monod and M. Henry D. Davry, for their French version of Mr. Edmund Gosse's "Father and Son."

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

August 1st to September 1st, 1913.

Messrs. Allen & Co.

BUCKLEY, R. R. (Editor).—Handbook to the Shakespeare Summer Festival Paper, 1s. net.
GRAYLING, FRANCIS.—Kent Churches. In 2 vols. 2s. 6d. net per vol.
WALTERS, DR. F. R.—Sanatoria for the Tuberculous. 12s. 6d.

Messrs. A. & C. Black.

HOME, GORDON.—What to see in England. 3s. 6d. net.

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ACKERMANN, MISS.—Australia from the Woman's Point of View.
CHESSER, DR. SLOAN.—Woman, Marriage and Motherhood. 6s. net.
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DOUGLAS, THEO.—The Grey Countess. 6s.
HOSKEN, HEATH, and STANTON, CORALIE.—The Dog Star. 6s.
JONES, BERNARD.—Gramaphones and Phonographs. 1s. net.
JONES, EGERTON.—Peter Piper. 6s.
NEWLIN, KATHARINE.—The Lely or the Lady. 3s. 6d.
Pocket Reference Library.—Miniature French-English Dictionary. Dictionary of Musical Terms. 6d. net, and 1s. net.
STEVENSON, J. H.—Religion and Temperament. 3s. 6d.
WYLIE, I. A. R.—The Rajah's People. 6d.

Messrs. W. & R. Chambers, Ltd.

DALY, T. A.—Madrigali. 5s. net.
NEIL, MARION H.—Candies and Bonbons and how to Make Them. 3s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Greening & Co.

THORNE, GUY.—The Vintage of Vice. 2s. net.

Mr. Wm. Heinemann.

CAINE, HALL.— The Woman Thou Gavest Me. 6s.

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BEACH, REX.—The Iron Trail. 6s.
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MAXWELL, W. B.—The Devil's Garden. 6s.
RAINE, ALLEN.—Under the Thatch. 6d.
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TWEEDIE, MRS. ALEC.—America as I Saw It. 16s.
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ASKEW, ALICE and CLAUDE.—God's Clay. 6s.
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LE QUEUX, WM.—Whoso Findeth a Wife. 1s. net.
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THE READER.

BARONESS ORCZY.

By Arthur Rutland.

ALL books are not meant for all readers, and there are some critics who ought never to be allowed to read novels of any kind; they should be dieted, and novels should be forbidden to them, as physical invalids are debarred from eating venison and other dainties of the table. So fine a critic, within his limits, as Sir Leslie Stephen should not have been given the opportunity of writing such sad stuff about Dickens as that "if literary fame can be safely measured by popularity with the half-educated, he must claim the highest position among English novelists," and of reiterating that "his merits are such as suit the half-educated." That sort of opinion in itself smacks of half-education; it indicates a narrowness of outlook, defects of taste, restrictions of sympathy and knowledge, lack of a comprehension that there may be other good things besides those that happen to appeal to one's own particular appetite; all which are as lamentable as every other form of ignorance. I always distrust the judgment of a man who sneers at whatever is "popular." You generally find he has no ideas of his own; he has passed his days in a world of books and, picking up all his notion of life from them, has nothing but an absurd contempt for the larger world that is not bounded by the walls of a library. Some books can never be popular; no reasonable person expects them to be; but there is no essential merit in unpopularity; books, after all, are written to be read, and so far as novels are concerned, the novelist who cannot so tell his tale that it shall draw the crowd to hear it has not fully mastered his art. He may have higher gifts than that of charming the average multitude, but it is a fault in him if he has not that one also.

It is a good and enviable gift, this of popularity; that is why even the most unpopular of us lives in hopes of acquiring it some day; and no living novelist possesses it in fuller measure than does the Baroness Orczy. Ten years ago her name was unknown at the libraries; but in the few years that have passed since her first book made its appearance she has achieved rapid and signal success both as a teller of stories and as a writer of plays.

Though she has a warm affection for England, the country of her adoption, the Baroness Orczy was born in Hungary, at Tarna-Eörs, an agricultural district at the heart of the most magnificent corn-land in Europe. Her parents only came to England when she was almost grown up, and she had never spoken a word of our language until she was fifteen. "I think," she says, "I must have been extraordinarily predisposed to the assimilation of the English tongue, for directly we arrived in London I, as a schoolgirl rising fifteen, was sent to a preparatory school for the purpose of learning the language, and within three months I was acting in the school play, and had passed a first-class College of Preceptors' examination with honours, winning a special prize for languages. My theosophist friends tell me," she adds whimsically, "that this fits so perfectly into the theory of reincarnation that in one of my previous existences I must certainly have been an Englishwoman!"

However that may be, in her tastes, her sympathies, in everything but blood, the Baroness Orczy is a brilliant and charming Englishwoman; nobody who was unaware that she was a Hungarian by birth would guess from her speech that she was anything but English. Her father, besides being a distinguished diplomatist in his own country, was above all things a musician. His beautiful opera, "Il Rinnegato," dedicated to the late Queen of the Belgians, who was a Hungarian Princess, was performed in London, at the old Her Majesty's Theatre, with great success; on more than one occasion he conducted his own compositions at the famous Philharmonic Concerts of the early '80's, and he several times conducted the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society, of which the late Duke of Edinburgh was an accomplished violinist. So it came about that, in her childhood, the great musical geniuses of the latter part of last century were intimate guests at the house of the Baroness Orczy's parents, and Wagner, Liszt, Gounod, Massenet, and others of that glorious company, took a kindly interest in their host's little daughter. "They would pat me on the shoulder," the Baroness remembers, "and ask if I meant to be a musician like my father; whereto

Photo by Bassano. **Baroness Orczy.**

I always answered 'No'." She was thus brought up and passed her early years in an atmosphere of music rather than of the sister arts, and at that date showed no capacity or tendency to write, nor felt the slightest desire to devote herself to literary pursuits. Her one passion was for painting; having no special talent for music, she was bent upon becoming an artist, studied art for years and achieved no small measure of success. At one time she was a constant exhibitor at the Royal Academy. Her picture, "The Jolly Young Waterman," illustrating the lines of the old ballad that tell how:

"He eyed the young rogues with so charming an air
That this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare,"

hung on the line in the "gem room" of the Academy, and was one of the most talked-of pictures of its year.

By no one was Baroness Orczy more encouraged in her art studies than by her old friend Edwin Long, R.A., the creator of those amazingly popular pictures "Diana or Christ," and "The Babylonian Marriage Market." She spent many happy days in his studio, watching him paint, or painting beside him from the same model, or sitting to him for some of his most celebrated pictures. "He disliked professional models," says the Baroness, "and had often great difficulty in getting the Oriental type of face he required for his Biblical pictures, and there are very faithful portraits of me in his 'Christ Preaching from the Waters,' and in his 'Zeuxis at Crotona.'" It was whilst studying at Heatherley's, in Newman Street, that Baroness Orczy met her husband, Mr. Montagu Barstow, who was already then a well-known artist. For a few years after her marriage she joined him in doing almost numberless black and white illustrations for books and magazines, and there are a great many signed examples of her work in this kind to be found in Newnes' publications, and in some of Messrs. Raphael Tuck's books for children. Though during all her art-studentship she had no thought of ever becoming a novelist, it is undoubtedly true that her art training has been of incalculable value to her in her later career. In her own words, it taught her to see the scenes of her books and plays pictorially: "An artist always *sees* the thing he imagines, finished and set within its frame, before he begins to shape it on the canvas with his brush, sees it all in due focus, recognises in that mental picture the values of minor details, and in working out his creation is careful not to allow the background and surroundings to swamp the central group of figures." And every reader of her books knows with what vivid pictorial effectiveness she has applied this artistic faculty to the writing of her stories; there is no overloading the narrative with description, yet characters and scenes stand out in them clear cut and strongly visualized.

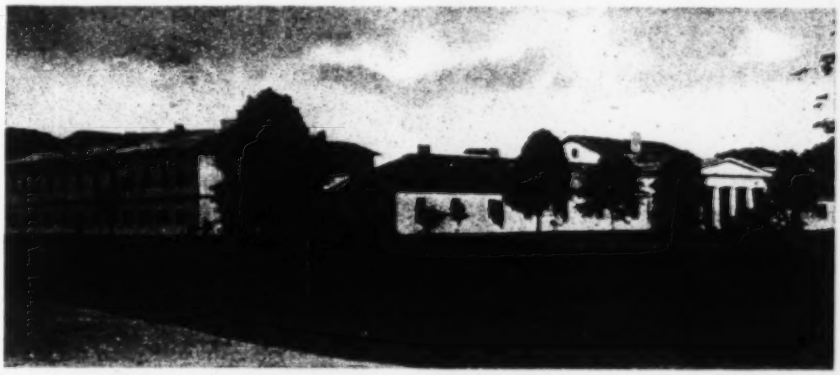
Baroness Orczy, at the age of 7.

Baroness Orczy, at the age of 13.

Most novelists will tell you that they started writing stories from a natural impulse to do so; but the Baroness Orczy gives a different and curiously interesting account of her own beginning: "I became an author almost literally in the turn of a hand," she replied to my enquiry on this head. "This was but a very few years ago. My husband and I were house-hunting, or rather studio-hunting, and in the interval we stayed as paying

Photo by Koller Karoly, Budapest.

Baroness Orczy, at the age of 20.



Tarna-Eörs,
the house in Hungary where Baroness Orczy was born, and which is described in her novel, "A Son of the People."

guests with a family whose chief recreation consisted in writing stories for magazines. These they would read aloud to one another, and also to us, before sending them on their weary round to various editors, for as they were really not very brilliant they were usually returned again and again with the usual thanks. One day, however, one of these products was actually accepted for publication, terms were discussed and agreed upon, and altogether there was an atmosphere in that Kensington house of the delightful sense of excitement which comes only from artistic success. Some of the excitement communicated itself to me. To be quite frank—though there was neither hatred nor malice in its composition, there was quite a little spice of jealousy in it, and later in the day I remarked to my husband, 'Look at these people who have never been outside their own limited circle—they not only write stories, but have them accepted and paid for. Now, why shouldn't I, who have been all over Europe, and have known so many notable and interesting people — why shouldn't I write stories, too?' My husband said laconically, 'Why shouldn't you?' And that was how I came to begin my literary career."

Until then she had never for a moment contemplated the possibility of such a career. But now she set to work in earnest and wrote two short stories, which were promptly accepted by *Pearson's Magazine*, and paid for at the rate of ten guineas each. Moreover, the editor asked for the first refusal of any other stories she wrote. This was more than encouraging; it prompted her to go on, and she found herself looking for hints and suggestions in the life about her, and discovering them everywhere. One day, for instance, travelling on top of an omnibus over one of the ugly canal bridges just beyond Westbourne Park Station, she looked down on the dismal streets hereabouts and noticed an especially dark, wretched, lonely one that borders the canal at this point, and it set her speculating on the mysterious, forgotten crimes that must be perpetrated in such-like squalid, ill-lighted London byways and are never solved and avenged by any Sherlock Holmes or other detective, and from that casual sight and this passing reflection she evolved the series of ingenious stories related by "The Old Man in the Corner." They were immensely popular when they ran serially in the *Royal Magazine*, and met with as favourable a reception when they appeared in book form in 1909.

But before that Baroness Orczy had published her first novel. This was the phenomenally successful story of "The Scarlet Pimpernel." It is not surprising that with her artistic temperament, her innate love of colour and the picturesque presentment of life, she should have been attracted to the great theme of the French Revolution, nor that she should have handled it with a cunning in the drawing of her characters and the portrayal of her incidents that has made this the most popular, not only of her own novels, but of any novel published in recent years. Sir Percy Blankeney, the handsome, big, apparently indolent dandy-hero of her tale, has already become one of the most familiar figures that latter-day fiction has given us, and his adroit disguises, recklessly gallant chivalry and hair-breadth escapes have thrilled and delighted the thousands who have made his acquaintance in the book or in the play. It was the play that was written first; having done this in collaboration with her husband, Baroness Orczy wrote the novel, and for all the instant popularity that accrued to it when it did get into print, the book had no ready welcome from the publishers.

The play was written, accepted, and tentatively produced at Nottingham within a year; then, in spite

Photo by Bassano.

Baroness Orczy and her husband, Mr. Montagu Barstow.

Baroness Orczy with her team of Hungarian horses—all in Hungarian harness.

Baroness Orczy and her favourite Hungarian mare, Goldi, with her colt, Eldorado.

Baroness Orczy driving a pair of Hungarian horses, Netti and Hussar.

of its pronounced success on the Nottingham stage, it was laid aside for twelve months, until Mr. and Mrs. Fred Terry were able to secure a suitable theatre for its production in London. Meanwhile, the novel was offered to a full dozen of publishers who all refused to have anything to do with it. One or two mitigated the bald "declined with thanks" with a suggestion that if the play (which had just been accepted) proved a success it might be submitted to them again. Finally, it was sent to Messrs. Greening, because as they were publishers of *The Play Pictorial*, the Baroness thought they might be interested in the book, since the play was then about to come out in London. She was correct in this supposition, and the novel was published by Messrs. Greening on the day that the play was produced. But whilst the book so tardily accepted was received with a chorus of acclaim by critics and public, the play that met such immediate acceptance was decried by almost all the critics, though the public hailed it with unqualified enthusiasm. It was staged at the New Theatre on the 5th January, 1905; the house, crowded in every part, witnessed it with intent excitement and applauded it without stint. But, says the Baroness, "next morning came a rude awakening! With the exception of one or two papers (not more), the play received from the dramatic critics the soundest round of abuse that any play, to my knowledge, has ever had. It was 'melodramatic,' 'incoherent,' 'stagey,' 'the audience was made up of friends who tried to cheer the actors and loudly condemned the authors.' One well-known critic wrote: 'Even for a firstling it is too unpromising to prompt such leniency as is encouragement—the author is deficient in invention and in craft alike'; another said he 'sat out the tedious play through three weary hours, looking in vain for something to praise;' whilst one of the most widely-read of the dailies was even more thorough in its condemnation: 'The pimpernel, as every countryman knows, is a little red flower that grows up and dies in one very short season. It would have been, therefore, impossible to select a more suitable title for the new romantic comedy produced last night

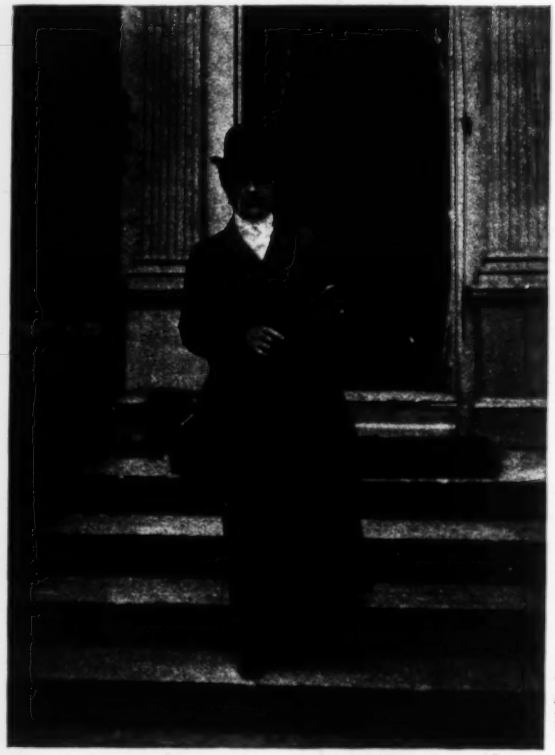
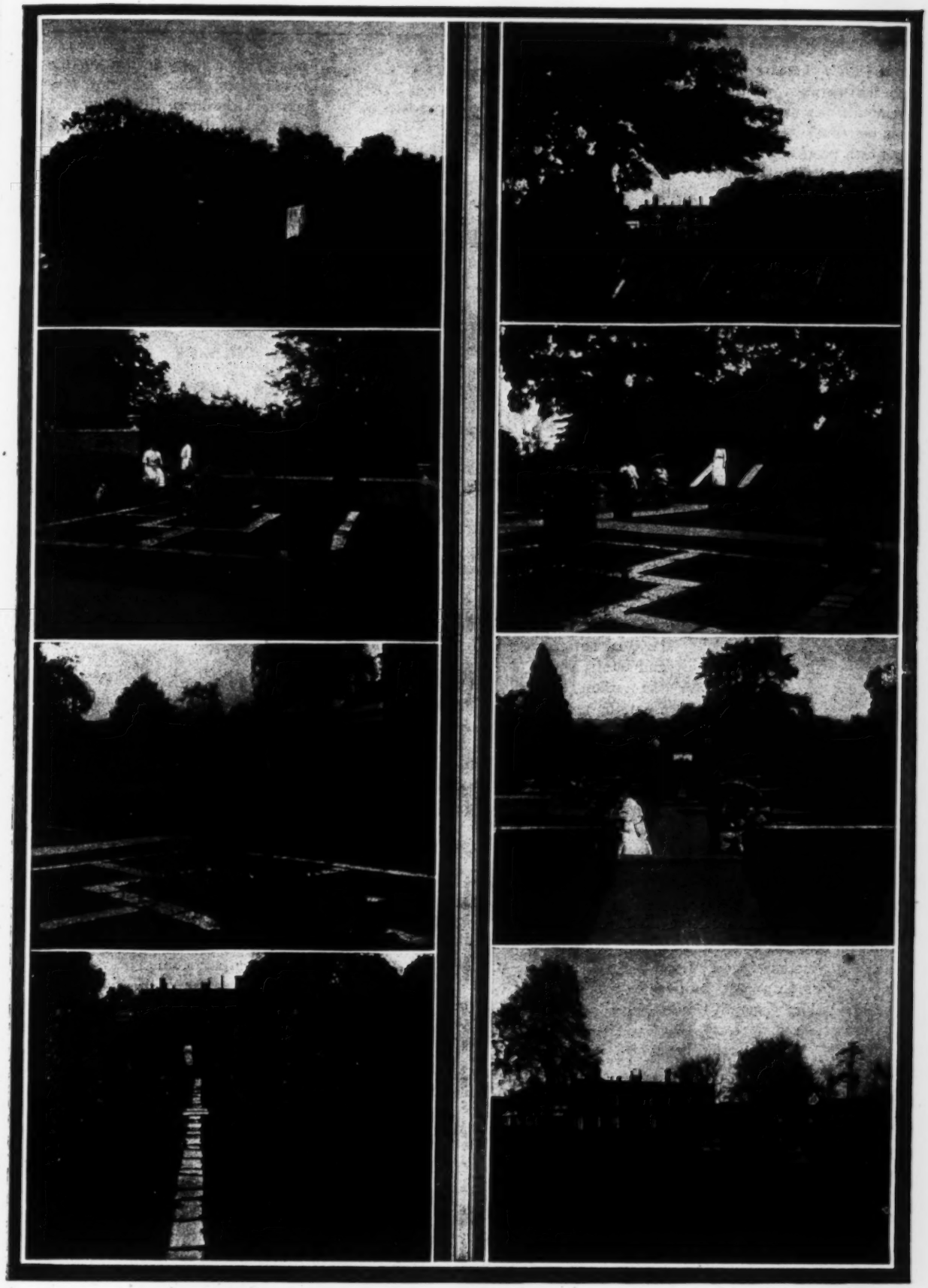


Photo by Bassano.

Baroness Orczy.

Baroness Orczy and Mr. Montagu Barstow, with their pet dog, "Molly."

Baroness Orczy on her favourite mare, "Netti."



Baroness Orczy's Kentish home, "Bearsted," Maidstone.

1. View of the house from the hill-top.
2. The formal garden.
3. View from the second terrace.
4. The rose walk.
5. The house from across the park.
6. The lower terrace.
7. The Italian garden.
8. "Bearsted," showing studio on the right of house.

at the New Theatre. We cannot help thinking that the Baroness Orczy and her husband would have been better advised had they allowed their own particular little pimpernel to blush and die unseen . . . . The plot is not worth telling.'" Naturally, at the time, Baroness Orczy felt this harsh criticism keenly; it is so easy to criticise in that vein, and unfortunately the uncreative gentlemen who can only criticise are much too prone to demonstrate their cleverness in that rather cheap fashion. For the moment, it was the more disheartening because managers and actors, as well as the authors, suffered from the results of such hostile comments. The box-office takings dropped rapidly to next to nothing, and the managers who had spent lavishly on the production began to feel that the position was serious. But the public generally knows what it wants, and rarely takes the critics quite so seriously as they are apt to take themselves, and by degrees the fortunes of the drama rallied, and turned. Those who came to see it must have been well satisfied and recommended it to their friends; anyhow after the first set-back, day by day the box-office takings increased and went on increasing until what might have proved merely a disastrously empty pocket developed into a veritable gold mine, which is far from being worked out yet. The play was produced on a Thursday; on the Friday, as a consequence of the Press notices, there was not fifty pounds in the house; but within a few months the management was playing to over two thousand pounds a week. One can appreciate the satisfaction the Baroness finds in recalling this episode, but it is the sort of thing that has happened too often for one to have much hope that the recounting of it may have the effect of chastening the average dramatic reviewer and making him a little less cocksure in his judgments. Meanwhile, the book also had won the affections of an enormous public; it has justified itself by the pleasure it has given to thousands in every walk of life, and among the numerous letters of thanks for it that have reached the author from almost every quarter of the civilized globe there are none she values more than those that have come from patients and nurses in hospitals and nursing homes testifying to the boon it has been to many who have for the nonce forgotten their own sufferings in the varying adventures of her imaginary people.

The publication of "The Scarlet Pimpernel" was quickly followed by that of the strikingly imaginative romance, "By the Gods Beloved." This, and "I Will Repay" (another story of the French Revolution, in which the Scarlet Pimpernel makes a dramatic re-appearance), and that

Jack Bathurst.
From "Beau Brocade."

Hymn-of-Praise Busy.
From "The Nest of the Sparrow-Hawk."

Cardinal d'Orsay.
From "The Emperor's Candlesticks."

Princess Neit—Akrit.
"By the Gods Beloved."

Character Studies from the novels of Baroness Orczy, by A. C. Michael.

A Soldier of the Terror.
From "I Will Repay."

poignant tale of Hungarian rural life, "A Son of the People," are, I think, the strongest and ablest of their author's eleven books—not even excepting "The Scarlet Pimpernel" itself. There is no doubt that Baroness Orczy drew something of her inspiration for "By the Gods Beloved" from her association with Edwin Long. He was a wonderfully erudite Egyptologist; he was deeply versed in the lore of old Egypt and has recaptured much of the beauty and the mystery of it in his great canvasses. "I remember his first telling me," says the Baroness, "of the strange rites prevalent in ancient Egypt in connection with the trial of the dead, and his account of them so took my imagination that I told him if I ever wrote a novel—which I had not then the faintest intention of doing—I would lay the scene of it in old Egypt and relate the incident he had given me of the trial of the dead." And the description of that trial of the dead man is one of the most arresting things in "By the Gods Beloved"—which reveals with glamorous narrative skill the bizarre experiences of two Englishmen, who, one of them having deciphered the directions on a papyrus discovered with a mummied body in a two-thousand-year-old tomb, journeyed with difficulty and danger across the vast sand dunes surrounding the Lybian desert and made their way into the strange, unknown country inhabited by the descendants of "those same people who built the Pyramid of Gihizeh and the mysterious majesty of the Sphinx."

The Earl of Wessex.
From "The Tangled Skein."

Sir Percy Blankeney.
From "The Scarlet Pimpernel."

"A Son of the People," Baroness Orczy's third romance, differs as widely from her second as that did from her first. Instead of taking you among the priests and rulers of an ancient civilisation in an eerie imaginary world, it tells a realistic story of homely men and women in a country little known to most Englishmen, but known intimately to the author, who passed her girlhood amidst the scenes she describes. The ancestral home of Bideskut pictured in "A Son of the People," is the house in which the Baroness herself was born, and the life of the territorial magnates of Hungary, which enters largely into that novel, was the life with which, in her youth, she was familiar. The agrarian riots that play such an

Andras.
From "A Son of the People."

"The Old Man in the Corner."

Character Studies from the novels of Baroness Orczy, by A. C. Michael.

important part in the book, in connection with the setting up of a steam-mill, occurred on her father's estate, and it was he who was the victim of the outrage that Bideskuty suffers in the story. The peasantry was furious with her father as they are with Bideskuty, for introducing the grinding of corn by an agency which they could not understand, and one night, when the corn was ready for harvest, and the weather so dry that there was no water available to check the flames, they set fire to the four corners of a twenty-acre field. She was a very small child at the time, but still retains the vividest remembrance of seeing the red sky, hearing the shouts and the trampling of feet, and being told that the corn was burning, and that the unfortunate horses and cattle were in peril in their stables. Against this background of agrarian strife runs a chequered passionate love story of unusual tenderness and power.

Photo by H. Walter Barnett. **John Orczy Barstow (otherwise Jack), the 12-year old son of the Baroness Orczy, in the character of "The Scarlet Pimpernel."**

Of the Baroness Orczy's other novels: "Beau Brocade" (which she has also dramatized and seen successfully placed before the footlights) is a dashing romance of highwaymen and the Jacobite conspiracy; "The Emperor's Candlesticks," containing some of her ablest character studies, is an ingenious and exciting tale of Russian Nihilism; "The Elusive Pimpernel" triumphantly continues the career of that hero of her first book; "The Tangled Skein" moves among the gallantry and intrigue of Tudor times, at the Court of Queen Mary; "The Lady Molly of Scotland Yard" is a series of brilliant detective stories, with a woman detective for its leading character; and "The Nest of the Sparrow-Hawk" is a well-devised, powerful romance of the Cromwellian period. In her new book "Eldorado," which has just been published, she returns again to the great scenes of the French Revolution and unfolds a further adventure of the fascinating and evasive Pimpernel.

Nowadays, Baroness Orczy lives in Kent, much occupied with her beautiful garden there and her favourite horses and dogs. She has a team of five Hungarian horses which she drives herself. Often, where the width of the roads will permit — which in Kent is not very often—she drives them Hungarian fashion: two wheelers and three leaders, at lightning speed. But she regrets that the multiplicity of motor-cars has spoilt the pleasure of driving, the noise and dust of them being maddening to highly-strung animals. In her own part of the country, where aforetime the coach and four was a frequent and pleasing sight along the Ashford Road, she and her husband are now the only people who drive in that fashion, and she is sometimes saddened by a fear that they too may have to give up that last remnant of old-world charm and be contented to go about in motor-cars like the majority. She admits the utility of the motor, but declares that "to sit behind a well-appointed well-matched team, to handle the ribbons and feel that there is life at the other end of them, is the most exhilarating recreation in the world."

There may be various opinions as to which is the best of Baroness Orczy's books; I have indicated my own preferences; but there can be no question as to which has so far been the most irresistibly popular; each one of them has met with a very large share of public favour, but "The Scarlet Pimpernel" certainly leads all the rest. It set a fashion in dress, in 1906, when "The Pimpernel" skirt was the rage at one of the leading West End drapers, and that of itself is an infallible sign of popularity. The play is to be revived again this autumn and winter, both in the provinces and in London, and it is confidently anticipated that the latest Pimpernel adventure, "Eldorado," will repeat the success of her first book, or even surpass it.

Scene from
"The Scarlet Pimpernel."

(Photo by Ellis & Walery.)

Comtesse de Tournai: "Suzanne, I forbid you to speak to that woman!"

Lady Blakeney, Miss Julia Neilson.

Sir Andrew Ffoulkes, Mr. Alfred Kendrick.

Suzanne, Miss Mary Mackenzie.

Comtesse de Tournai, Mrs. Walter Edwin.

Scene from "Beau Brocade."

(Photo by Foulsham & Tanfield.)

Beau Brocade: "Here's for you, my gallant lobster!"

Beau Brocade, Mr. Bertram Wallis.

Lady Patience, Miss Grace Lane.

Scene from
"The Sin of William Jackson."

(Photo by Dover Street Studios.)

Mrs. Alfieri: "Don't worry, Mrs. Val, men ain't worth it."

William Jackson, Mr. Ernest Leicester.

Mrs. Tomaso Alfieri, Miss Ruth McKay.

Annie Valentine, Miss Nina Boucicault.

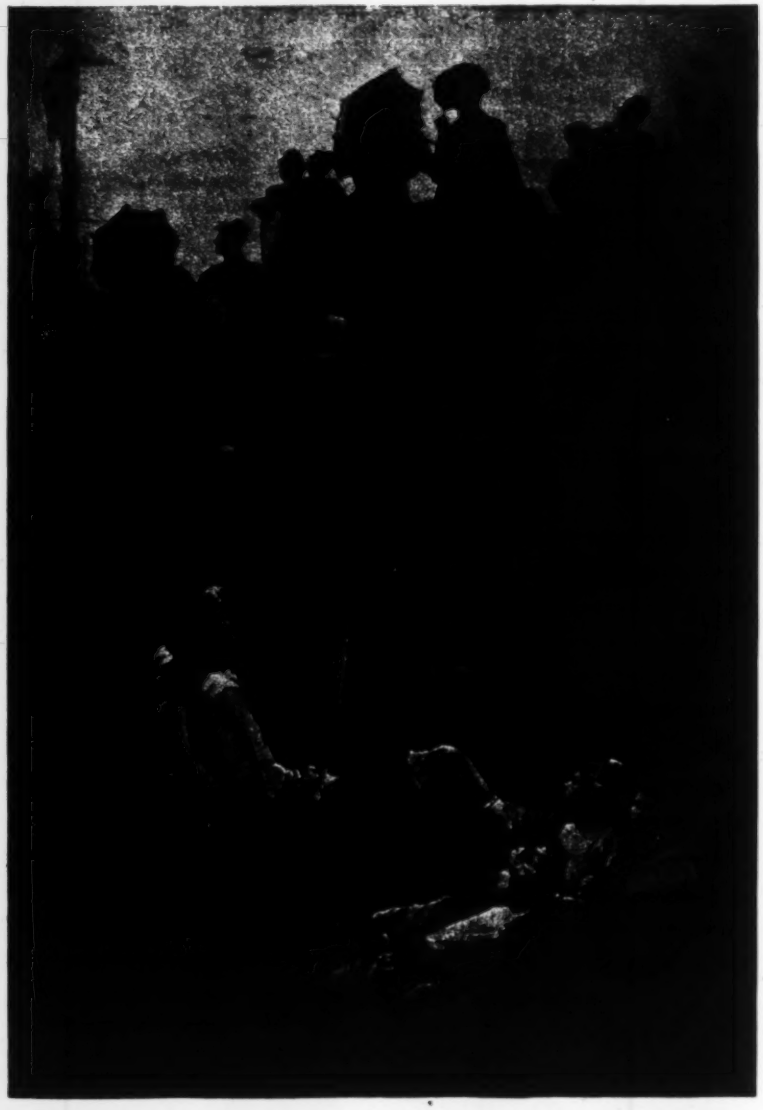
VICTOR HUGO.*

By GEORGE SAMPSON.

STANDS Hugo where he did? or must we turn to another quotation and write sadly of "Imperious Victor, dead and turned to clay"? Messrs. Nelson should be able to answer either question definitely, for their long and lengthening line of comely shilling volumes stretches far enough now to be a measure of the general interest in a once famous figure. We say "once famous" without malice, and without prejudice to any claim he has to the homage of posterity; for however we may correct and re-correct our impressions, this at least is certain, that Victor Hugo will never loom so large again upon the view of Europe as he did a generation or two ago. Never again will any poet with a sense of humour praise him in the vast hyperbole of the "Birthday Ode," honourable as that poem and its fellow-panegyrics are to the impetuous lover of liberty who flung them out like challenges to a smug and self-satisfied world. But Hugo may be less than the Hugo of legend and still be great. Much of his huge armada of works may be wrecked beyond salvage, and yet enough remain to carry victory into the remotest ports of posterity. Now that he has ceased to be a demi-god he has become something much better—a man and a brother, not the less lovable because his weaknesses, like his virtues, were on a scale of imperial magnitude.

The plays, once beacons of revolt and tokens of victory, are certainly not what they were. About the theatre it is always precarious to prophesy; yet this, surely, may be said: that never will there be a time, in this country at least, when romanticism of that complexion will re-conquer the stage. The Hugoesque drama has found its level here in grand opera, and that of a kind in which the singers matter more than the music. "Ernani, involami" (thanks to Patti) is more familiar to us than any speech in the original drama; "Il Segreto" is warbled or tinkled to Donizetti's music by thousands who know nothing about Hugo's "Lucrèce Borgia"; the operatic progeny of "Ruy Blas" cannot be numbered; and while "Le Roi s'amuse" seems dead and done with, "Rigoletto" simply cannot be kept off the stage. It is a fine saying of Maeterlinck's that as soon as the heroes of French tragedy cease to speak they cease to exist. Of Victor Hugo's heroes that is especially true; and even when they are most alive their magniloquent outpourings seem to matter so exceedingly little that really we would rather hear it all to the music of Verdi. Even as thrillers the plays have been surpassed, for the logical outcome of Victor Hugo is Sardou. This, of course, is a purely English view, and may be objected to on the ground that a man's work can be rightly judged only in his own country and among his own people; but, nevertheless, we may surely plead in answer that the art which produces a world drama must be rated higher than that which fails at its own frontiers. Victor Hugo wrote dramatic pieces that had their appropriate success or failure, and that made some stirring history of their own; but he wrote no "Hamlet," he wrote no "Faust."

* "Oeuvres Complètes de Victor Hugo." Many volumes. 1s. net each. (Nelson.)



"The Jolly Young Waterman"

From the painting by Baroness Orczy, exhibited at the Royal Academy.

The novels, rather than the dramas, are Victor's alms for oblivion outside his own country. Everybody in every modern country reads, has read, or must read, "Notre-Dame" and "Les Misérables." They belong to what Tennyson (I think) called the great stereotypes of literature, mechanically reprinting themselves from generation to generation. And they thoroughly deserve their immortality. They have the first requisite of all good novels—they tell a good story and tell it well. Victor was not always up to this level. "Han d'Islande," for instance, comes dangerously near the ridiculous; "L'Homme qui rit" is almost entirely unreadable; "Quatre-vingt-treize" is more of a harangue than any novel should be; and "Les Travailleurs de la Mer" has some bulky and tedious excrescences and digressions to be set off against such better things as the famous fight with the octopus and the tragic Gilliatt's tragic end. But the defects of "Notre-Dame" and "Les Misérables,"—defects in the one case of antiquarian elaboration, and in the other of excessive digression—are powerless against the superabundance of excellence. Their characters have become part of the general mythology. Marius and Cosette, Esmeralda and Quasimodo, the Bishop and Jean Valjean, Gringoire and Claude Frollo, are almost as familiar to us in England as the characters of our own Dickens. Victor wrote little better prose, both in restraint and in intensity, than those two synchronous scenes—the piteous execution of Esmeralda in the Place de la Grève and the dramatic struggle on the tower of Notre-Dame, where the evil archdeacon, watching the tragedy, is thrust into the abyss by Quasimodo. The antiphony between the vivid paragraphs descriptive of Frollo's agonised struggles to retain hold of the gargoyle and the simplicity of the repeated "Quasimodo pleurai: et regardait la Grève"—la Grève, where perished so miserably all that the poor brute had ever loved—must surely be the finest prose effect that Hugo ever achieved. And the end, with its moving and apparently unsought pathos, is worthy of the climax. Those who are fond of tracing origins and scanning first drafts may like to be reminded of "Bug-Jargal," in which the dwarf buffoon, Habribah, not merely recalls Triboulet, Quasimodo, and other Hugonian monstrosities, but acts out the first conception of the famous struggle over an abyss, with the summit of a precipice in place of Notre-Dame, and the projecting root of an old tree instead of the archdeacon's gargoyle. The terrible intensity of the later scene will be the more appreciated after a glance at the earlier description.

"God bless you for your courage, dear."

Drawn in colour by A. C. Michael.

From "Eldorado," the new romance by Baroness Orczy, that Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton have just published.

Of "Les Misérables" little more need be said than that the pages—the multitudinous pages—of this book show us the Victor Hugo who is least disputably great. The spirit which informs, even more than the art which bodies forth, that work entitles Victor Hugo to the special admiration of our times. His sincerity, often to seek in many acts and pages of a crowded life, is here unimpeachable. The hand that wrote "Les Misérables" was also the hand that wrote, as a last disposition, "I give 50,000 francs to the poor. I desire to be carried to the grave in their hearse." "Les Misérables," too, has the merit of recalling Victor Hugo's public life, about which the best that we can say is that it existed. What motives of worldly ambition may have moved him need not be inquired into; the fact remains that the leading French writer of his time took a leading part in the affairs of his time. Let English authors do likewise. Legislation and administration need the best available brains, and no one has the right to assume the airs of a mugwump and retire aloof from the dust and heat of conflict. Meanwhile, we lesser people, we bookmen, must do our part by insisting that the conditions of English political service and the atmosphere of English political controversy shall never be so degraded and befouled as to keep our finest minds from politics as from an unclean thing. Victor was most things in turn; but if we remember that he began as a Royalist and Reactionary, let us not forget that in the end he was an exile for the Republic. When he ratted, at least he ratted magnificently; and much may be forgiven to the man who scarified the sorry hero of the Coup d'état in "Napoléon le Petit" and "L'Histoire d'un Crime." Hugo in the Chamber was sometimes a failure, often absurd and always melodramatic; but some of the utterances for which he was most derided read now like the aspirations of our own moderate reformers. He was the lifelong opponent of capital punishment, and it is fitting, therefore, that "Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné" and "Claude Gueux" should be as much more readable, as they are vastly more amiable, than Wordsworth's sonnets in

praise of the gallows. Victor Hugo was for Poland against Russia, for Garibaldi against the Clericals, for Abolition against Slavery in America. His vision of a "United States of Europe," jeered at by all the imperial spirits of his time, has at least as much to recommend it to humanity as the modern popular ideal of the European waters choked with battleships and the European atmosphere darkened with armed air-vessels. He preached the rights of the child at a time when the rights of men were not too well secured, and he not only urged that the physical as well as the intellectual processes of children should be cared for, but gave point to his views by a weekly dinner to poor children in the island of his exile. Much, surely, may be forgiven to such a man—and there is much to forgive, as you may read in the late Mr. Davidson's excellent biography. Diminished he may be; degraded never. Once he seemed not less than Goethe, and now he seems not much more than Dumas. Still, however dethroned, he stands secure. The best of his verse—a great part of his achievement which we have not been able even to mention here—would alone ensure him immortality. Honour to him, then, both as a favourite of the Muses and as a pioneer of progress. He often stumbled, but he never discernibly marched on the side of wrong. His head was sometimes in the clouds and his feet in the mud, but his heart was in the right place.

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I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original Sonnet is divided, and we award HALF A GUINEA each to Mr. Norman Boothroyd, of Holmleigh, Batley, and to Mr. Hadley Ford, of 12, Priory Road, Tyndall's Park, Bristol, for the following:

CRISIS.

Peace comes at last; the intolerable pain
Of phantom visions beats a slow retreat;
The ceaseless tramping of the million feet
That shook the dim-lit caverns of my brain
So long a time now dies, and in its train
There comes the flutter of soft wings to greet
My straining ears, as through the burning heat
Cool, restful Silence settles once again.
Then through the windows of a Hall of Dreams
Far-distant murmurings of voices creep
With languorous softness; and a star, it seems,
Draws swiftly near me as I gaze, and lo!
It changes swiftly, and a face I know
Leans gently o'er me, smiling, and . . . I sleep. . . .

NORMAN BOOTHROYD.

TO A LITTLE GIRL.

Bewitching and provocative, you change
Your moods to match the ribbons in your hair,
And I shall never catch you, for you range
Beyond my grasp, intangible as air:
Now prodigal of kisses, and as soon
Aloof, perverse and wayward, you will shroud
Your tear-stained cheeks with elf-locks, like the moon
Who hides her radiance beneath a cloud,
Whence, till another fancy shall beguile
Your grief, you view the world with April eyes
And for a little space forget to smile—
Dear, when I love each variable guise
How shall I hope to paint you, or express
One half of your chameleon loveliness?

HADLEY FORD.

We also select for printing:

TO THE MUSE OF POETRY.

Come, Muse divine, down through the perfumed night,
Leaving a trail of fire upon the dark;
And on my ashy heart let fall one spark,
To kindle it anew to burning light.
Disperse the stagnant air, the chilling blight,
Make my dead soul on glowing seas embark,
Give me once more the rapture of the lark,
Dazzle with dancing stars my tear-dimmed sight.
O throbbing Muse, bring lightning, fire and rain;
I stretch my hands for aught that thou can'st give
To make life more acute, more deep, more high.
I ask for wilder rapture, sharper pain;
To feel—to feel with passion is to live,
And if we have not lived, how dare we die?

(I. Rathbone, Baycliff, Woolton, Liverpool.)

LUX IN TENEBRIS.

When o'er the earth mysterious night doth spread
Her sombre pinions, while the daylight dies,
God walketh as of old in Paradise
Than garish day a lovelier light to shed.
And though our ears are sealed to His tread,
And though His form is hidden from our eyes
(Hath not the fruit forbidden made us wise?)
We know Him near and hide ourselves in dread.
When sense gropes darkling in a mist of tears
And Death's grim shadow falls athwart the years
Surely God draweth nigh though we be blind.
Shrink we with Adam from the garden-tryst
Or entering our Gethsemane with Christ
There kneel, and light amid the darkness find.

(Thomas Sharp, 8, Broadwater Terrace, Cannon Hill Lane, Merton Park, S.W.)

THE SKYLARK.

Up, up! on free and fearless pinion borne,
Beyond the narrow bounds of human sight,
As though thou'dst pierce the mystery of light,
And search the very birthplace of the morn!
Sing, soaring sing! on weary hearts earth-worn,
Pour the glad music of that azure height,
Make every sordid soul thy proselyte,
Taught of thee how to rise and how to scorn!
Low is thy nest upon the daisied lea,
A grassy nook of sweet domestic care
Wherein to fold the slumb'ring wing at even,
But thou to sunlit altitudes art free,
Thy duty and thy joy alike are there,
To link with song the sundered earth and heaven!

(Sarah J. Cole, Holly Hyrst, Sandiacre, Nottingham.)

TO LOVE.

What hast thou taught me, Love?—a thousand things—
The truth of joy, and certainty of pain;
The magic wonder of a moment's gain,
When soul to soul with mutual longing springs:
The meaning of the song the sky-lark sings;
The power to feel with heart, and soul, and brain;
The thrill of living with the Dawn again;
The rapture of the silence twilight brings.
What hast thou brought me,
Love?—a golden peace,
That is content alone to
have thee near—
A nameless fear of happi-
ness too great;
A yearning deep within, that
ne'er will cease,
For words to tell thee how
I love thee, dear,
While in thy hands I
trusting lay my fate!

(Marjorie Winifred Crosbie, "The Balkans," Lancaster Gardens, Beltinge, Herne Bay.)

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Photo by Frost & Reed, Bristol

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Photo by Franz Hanfstaengl.

"There's Many a Slip."

From a painting by the Baroness Orczy exhibited at the Royal Academy.

(Sheffield), Alec Gleneldon (Sheffield), May Jenkinson (Tulse Hill), G. G. Jackson (Northampton), Rev. F. Hern (Rowlands Castle), Mrs. Ormsby (Pontypridd), D. M. Kermode (Kenilworth), Elspeth Carr (Hampstead), Agnes E. M. Baker (W. Hampstead), "Iris" (Stoke Newington), Arbel M. Aldous (Saffron Walden), Catharine Jameson (Sutton Coldfield), A. C. Laughton (Wakefield), G. A. MacKinlay (Glasgow), Margaret Margenson (Isle of Man), Margaret Rey (Bournemouth), R. J. Preston (Norwich), E. J. Martin (Sheffield), G. M. Northcott (West Kirby), James Davidson (Peterhead), W. McQ. Thomson (Patley Bridge), Agnes Rack (Margate), H. Douglas Hamilton (Bristol), G. W. T. McGown (Midlothian), Chas. Parkin (Felling-on-Tyne), R. H. Tripp (Liverpool), Sebastian Stuart (Sheffield), W. Kitley (Derby), Frances A. Manks (Halifax), A. Marshall Diston (Kilmany), M. C. (Enniskillen), Mrs. E. Yeo (Reigate), C. D. Pamely (Bristol), R. B. Boswell (Southampton), Algernon Warren (St. John's Wood), Keltie Dixon (Balham), Hedley V. Storey (Brighton), Miss A. M. Leitch (Cardenden), Maud Marion Burnell (Ashford), Ronald C. Ross (Nottingham), Euphemia Dalgleish (Leith), Mrs. Cater (Torrington), Marcella Whitaker (Dewsbury), Margaret K. McEvoy (Cricklewood), Beatrice Craig (Straidanan), E. Percy Schofield (Hull), Mrs. Lucie C. Temple (Southsea), E. F. Seymour (Kilburn), F. Brebner, Jun. (Aberdeen), Violet Gillespie (Forest Hill), Mrs. C. P. F. Ferrier (Glasgow), James Kello (Glasgow), "Disa" (Cape Town), Alice Wise (Leicester), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Q. E. F. (Liverpool), Rowland D. Lloyd (Bootle), R. B. Ince (Jarvis Brook), Harold Horton (Manchester), E. T. Sandford (Saltash), Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown (S. Woodford), Berwick Sayers (S. Croydon), Beatrice Medway (Clifton), W. A. Lambe (Brighton), J. A. S. Wilson (Edinburgh), G. W. J. Farquharson (Aberdeen), C. H. Morgan (Cullompton), F. Truscott Goldsworthy (Dulwich), Eric Chilman (Hull).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Mr. John A. Walker, of 69, Grosvenor Avenue, East Sheen, S.W., for the following:

THE ROMANCE OF REPORTING.

(REVIEW OF "THE ADVENTURES OF A NEWSPAPER MAN" BY FRANK DILNOT. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

"Go fetch me my bow, my longest long bow."
Ancient Ballad of Robin Hood.

We also select for printing:

OUTSIDE THE ARK. BY ADELAIDE HOLT. (John Lane.)

"Water, water, everywhere."
COLERIDGE, *The Ancient Mariner.*

(Mrs. Cater, Torrington, and H. Douglas Hamilton, 4, Cassell Road, Fishponds, Bristol.)

BECAUSE OF THE CHILD. BY CURTIS YORKE. (Jarrold.)

"I never use a big, big D."
W. S. GILBERT, *H.M.S. "Pinafore."*

(Irene Pollock Lalonde, 14, Forester Road, Bath.)

WHILE THE MUSIC LASTS. BY JULIA MACDONALD. (Holden and Hardingham.)

"All chatter and prate."
JAMES SMITH, *The Debating Society.*

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, The Manse, Derby Road, South Woodford, N.E.)

THE BEST OF ALL GOOD LITTLE BOYS. BY W. SICHEL.

"With a smooth Sunday face for a mother's delight."
T. HOOD, *A Parthian Glance.*

(Miss M. K. Phillips, 11, Rossiter's Hill, Frome.)

LOVE AND £200 A YEAR. BY MRS. ALFRED PRAGA. (Werner Laurie.)

"Doänt thou marry for munny, but goä wheer munny is."
TENNYSON, *Northern Farmer.* (New style.)

(Charles Powell, 290, Oxford Road, Manchester.)

THE AVERAGE MAN. BY R. H. BENSON. (Hutchinson.)

"Did nothing in particular
And did it very well——"
W. S. GILBERT, *Iolanthe.*

(Miss H. M. Barrow, All Saints' Rectory, Hastings.)

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best Epistle to the New Poet Laureate, whoever he might be, is awarded to Mr. R. B. Ince, of The Hermitage, Jarvis Brook, Sussex, for the following:

ADVICE TO THE NEW POET LAUREATE.

Don't sing in praise of Kings or Kaisers
Or of His Majesty's advisers,
But warble gently on one string
Of buttercups and bees and Spring:
For Kings are often hard to please,
But anyone may sing of these.
If Ministers you wish to praise,
Be very careful of your lays—
Use whitewash with an ample brush
For fear the public cheek should blush;
Let not your ready pen be cynical
For public men are strangely finical
And will not vote you wine or money
For gall; they have a taste for honey.
Don't sing of Empire or the seas,
Kipling's a specialist in these,
And Raleigh and his daring boys
Can best be sung by Mr. Noyes.
Just be a mouthpiece, nothing more,
Of thoughts that have been voiced before:
Of zephyrs sighing to the trees
And hollyhocks besieged of bees.
But if these themes fit not your lute,
Then take your pension and be mute.

The Epistles have, on the whole, been rather disappointing; the best of the many others received were sent by A. Chree (Oldham), A. Burfield (Parson's Green), John Birrell (Belfast), D. McLaren (Leith), Elijah Summers (Dukinfield), G. J. Baldock (Ropley), M. C. Newman (Framlingham), Miss E. M. Herring (Weston-super-Mare), A. C. Laughton (Wakefield), Chas. Stuart (Sheffield), C. W. Rodwell (Sutton-on-Hull), Emily Cornell (Upper Norwood), E. A. Pearson (Fleet), Marcella Whitaker (Dewsbury), J. P. Wynne (Manchester), G. F. A. Salmon (Penzance), A. B. Johnston (Leith), "Tairama" (Norwich), Hedley V. Storey (Brighton), M. B. M. (Glasgow), C. L. Alexander (Harrogate), F. N. Jellicoe (Stockwell).

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Miss Frances A. S. Holbrow, of Harrietsham, near Maidstone, Kent, for the following:

A PRISONER IN FAIRYLAND. BY ALGERNON BLACKWOOD. (Macmillan & Co.)

Mr. Blackwood has already shown that he possesses the courage to hold to his own vision of life and the skill to express it in convincing terms. Both qualities distinguish this book. Though the verses scattered throughout are merely whimsical, the prose passages often reach a high level. Purity of idea shines through an even, but never monotonous, rhythm; beauty of thought expresses itself in simple and pertinent language. Added to the faculties of seer and craftsman, Mr. Blackwood has that rare humour which lights up with benignant laughter the quaint and the grotesque in daily life.

Among the best of the many others sent in are :

THE REAL MARTYR OF ST. HELENA. By T. DUNDAS PILLANS. (Melrose.)

Napoleon worshippers regard the exiled Emperor as the Martyr of St. Helena, but this author shows that the real martyr was Sir Hudson Lowe—the long-maligned, who had the thankless task of being governor in the rocky island in mid-Atlantic where the man who had dominated Europe chafed out his last years. Few unbiassed readers will be able to follow Mr. Pillan's narrative without being inclined to agree that Sir Hudson was the victim of misrepresentations innumerable by those who had fought to make his thankless office unendurable and to show him the Pilate of this Napoleonic Calvary.

(M. A. Newman, Framlingham, Suffolk.)

REQUITAL. By MRS. J. O. ARNOLD. (Methuen.)

This book is interesting and readable, because it introduces a variation upon an old theme, and also because it depicts, without moralising, the effect of trial and danger in the spiritual uplifting of almost every kind of character. There is nothing forced or unnatural in the circumstances, and it is good to see that the "natural" man *is* the "good man," in spite of all appearance to the contrary. It is a book that makes us, perforce, think more highly of human nature by seeing the "divine spark" therefrom emitted beyond all doubt and disbelief.

(Miss J. A. Jenkins, 196, Hamstead Road, Handsworth, Birmingham.)

JOHN SMITH OF HARROW: SCHOOLMASTER. By E. D. RENDALL AND G. H. RENDALL. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

This is a perfect essay in the art of biography. There rises before the reader a gentle, wistful figure with humour-glancing eyes. From his humble London home to the pitiful hospital where he died he walked the whole way with God. Lovable and loving, he moved obscurely to the world, but to some few companions all-prominently. This record of his life gives to the plain name of Smith an added lustre of saintship. Henceforth John Smith has two immortalities—in the bosom of God, and in the hearts of men. All who read become his pupils.

(Harold J. Taylor, 17, Liverpool Lawn, Ramsgate.)

WAYSIDE LAMPS. By the Author of "Especially William of Gibraltar, and Mary his Wife." (Longmans.)

This is a beautiful, wonderful book. One reads it as it has been written, with a smile—tears never far away, and a lump in the throat. One closes it longing for more. It is a rainbow tissue of real experiences, of suffering and heroism irradiated with tenderness and humour, bathed in the light of love. The literary touch is of the lightest: a paragraph paints a picture, a phrase gives a flash-light vision of a situation or a character. The loveliest thing in it is the unavoidable revelation of the personality of the writer, only possible under a pseudonym, shining as an Arc-light amidst these Wayside Lamps.

(Christine R. Shand, Barrymoor, Langport, Som.)

SONGS FROM LEINSTER. By W. M. LETTS. 2s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

Many who have been joyfully clipping these songs out of the corners of newspapers will welcome them again in a volume. Their inspiration, if not so wealthy, is as spontaneous and distinctive as Synge's. "A Prayer for a Little Child," "Dan O'Shee," and "Boys" are full of the tenderness and whimsicality which make the Irish such a fascinating people. The comedy is broader in "The Old Wexford Woman" and "Scholars;" but even these have an undertone of tenderness and regret. The fragrance of them all is as wholesome as the brine at Waterford or "a whiff of peat-smoke."

(G. Lowther, The Bungalow, Hempsted, near Gloucester.)

Photo by Bassano.

Baroness Orczy.

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK. By WALTER EMANUEL.

(Hutchinson & Co.)

The well-known writer of the weekly "Charivaria" in *Punch* has here collected an enjoyable pot-pouri of his humorous pen-sketches, and with the genial help of John Hassall and George Morrow the mélange makes an excellent shillingsworth. To quote a few of the contents: There is a collection of five pieces in the Cockney dialect; some extraordinary advice is vouchsafed on the subject of pets; a certain notorious railway company is defended in an ingenious fashion; and one is given a few hints on how best to get oneself disliked. If one likes variety and clean, sparkling humour, it is here.

(C. W. Rodmell, The Croft, Sutton-on-Hull.)

ALPS AND SANCTUARIES OF PIEDMONT AND THE CANTON TICINO. By SAMUEL BUTLER. (5s. net, Fifield.)

This volume does not belong to the guide-book type; it is full of thoughts and side-thoughts suggested by chance sayings or sights by the way, in this writer's own distinctive manner. For Butler did not carry about with him an English standard—which he found chiefly to be distinguished for its "priggishness"—by which to praise or depreciate everything he saw. He was satisfied to look at the life of the Italians from their own point of view. The result is a descriptive volume in its way as full of perception as "Erewhom" and in its way as delightful.

(J. F. Harris, St. John's College, Cambridge.)

Very good reviews have also been received from Miss M. E. Lorry (Putney), M. W. Averay Jones; Mrs. Cater (Torrington), Lucy G. Chamberlain (Llandudno), Alan C. Frazer (Bridgwater), Miss D. E. Joyner (Parracombe), J. B. ffoulkes (Derby), J. Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke), Miss B. C. Hardy (Eastbourne), Annie E. Higgins (Hoylake), Mrs. Sybilla Stirling (Glenfarg), G. E. Wakerley (West Bridgford), Percy J. Harris (Coventry), Katherine J. Wood (Birmingham), Gladys G. Mulliner (Blackheath), L. H. Cooke (Heaton Moor), S. T. McCabe (Patricroft), D. Lefebre (Johannesburg), W. M. Lodge (Upper Norwood), E. F. Seymour (Kilburn), Miss H. R. Wood (Harrow), Susan Hardy (Salisbury), Florence G. Fidler (London, N.W.), Muriel M. B. Aikman (Glasgow), Gladys Evelyn Warren (St. John's Wood), Dorothy Nicholls (Godalming), Frances D. Watson (Stockport).

V.—A PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to the Rev. R. Richard, of 33, Cranley Gardens, Muswell Hill, N.

FRANCIS THOMPSON: THE MASTER OF VISION.*

By KATHARINE TYNAN.

THE poetical output of Francis Thompson covers in all a period of less than twenty years. It was in May, 1888, that "Dream Tryst," appearing in *Merry England*, told those on the look-out that a new star had swum into the poetic firmament, that the century which had begun with Keats and Shelley, Wordsworth and Coleridge was to end with a fixed star. He died on November the 13th, 1907; and for some years before that his poems had almost ceased to appear; so that he was the last of the great Victorian poets. For ten years or so his output was not so much great in quantity as almost intemperately great in quality. He had riches to spill and he spilt them like a madman, as though he foresaw that he was not going to have time to mellow and grow old. The superabundant vitality and energy of the poetry of those last Victorian years belong to the youth of a great temperament. He had spilt his mortal youth in the London streets: but who shall say that he was not of those who, flinging all away, gain all. The stony London streets, the bitter dearth and privation, the slough of misery into which the body fell, was, for the spirit, sown thick with stars. Copying his own extravagance at a distance one might say of him that he reaped the stars by armfuls and carried them to the earth from Elysian Fields.

There is no need at this date to pass Francis Thompson's various great achievements under view, or review, at least for a bookish audience. If he had only written "The Hound of Heaven" his place would have been assured. Anything else was superfluous so far as that place was concerned. Fortunately for the world which is purified and uplifted by poetry, that concrete form of the ideal, he added to that masterpiece which might well be unapproachable and solitary, other great poems—the "Sister Songs"; "Love in Dian's Lap"; "The Mistress of Vision"; "The Dead Cardinal"; the great Odes: "The Daisy"; "The Poppy"; "To Monica Thought Dying"; "Ex Ore Infantium"; "The Corymbus"; "A Fallen Yew"; and some others in the first rank. He was prodigal in those dozen years. Indeed one may say that during them he produced nothing which was not great.

Nor was he always giving us of his best in a rich disorder. Despite his extravagance much of his great poetry—one had almost said all of his great poetry—has a singular and beautiful order. His riot is splendid, but if he had only written the "Corymbus for Autumn" it would never have persuaded us as the strange, mist-like order of "Dream Tryst" persuades us. His greatest work after all is that which is sane, temperate, within borders, most easily understood of those who are outside the inner circle and complain that they cannot understand Francis Thompson.

Nothing could be more lucid, lucent and simply flowing than the most beautiful passages of "Love in Dian's Lap." This is composed poetry, not poetry of possession. It has a clearness as of crystal or clear water, where the more riotous poems show us the mind of the poet as in stained glass, darkly.

Few poets have been more criticised than Francis Thompson. As he let loose his great and impetuous rush of poetry upon the world, so the critics, having no time to watch him grow, none for doubt and hesitancy, none for consideration, appraised him as a poet full-grown on his first appearance, and had hardly time to wane in their assurance of him or to grow judicious and judicial before his great twelve years were over.

And here is his definitive edition in three volumes. What else he may have written, what of him disappeared with odd scraps of paper that would look waste-paper to the uninitiated—and the uninitiated are very slow to recognize the form of a poem—Heaven only knows. We can but be devoutly thankful to the patient and unwearying friend who guarded, so far as he might, the precious repository of the world's most sacred things, who gathered and sifted and kept safe the poetry which else might have gone out like dead leaves on the wind of the world and been lost to us for ever.

All through his life and poetry Francis Thompson kept unimpaired a curious simplicity. He was not always or even generally "gold-dusty from tumbling among the stars." He was very human, kindly and humble. He was ready to admire small things disproportionately, even to seek to emulate them in his great way. There was nothing of "the freak" about him: and he remained to the end at heart a boy. He had simple admirations. Very often one comes on an echo in his poetry which tells how his admirations compelled him. There are some passages in "Love in Dian's Lap" which might be Rossetti: Shelley we hear: and Coleridge—he had a natural affinity with Coleridge, and the enchantments of opium are in the poetry of both: there is even an echo of Kipling.

Other men have derivations, admirations, because of their poverty. He had them because of his riches. He needed nothing from others, although his simple generosity, his delight in what he admired, sometimes coloured his work with a suggestion of the manner of another man's poetry. As for the matter—well, he had matter and to spare. The mere parings of his matter, the things he rejected might have equipped another poet or two or a dozen. He had so much matter that he was obliged to cast it away. Wings will not rise that are over-clogged with honey; and a weight of gold will drag down a man quite as effectively as a weight of lead.

Now for the arrangement of Mr. Meynell's definitive edition of Francis Thompson, which every true poetry-lover will try to possess. The first volume contains the greatest of what we already know and revere. The second volume contains: "The Mistress of Vision"; "Any Saint"; "An Anthem of Earth"; his last characteristically beautiful poem which has been renamed here "The Kingdom of God"; and other acclaimed poems, besides much which is new to me. The third volume contains the prose, not very large in bulk, but including that "Essay on Shelley" which is true Francis Thompson.

* The Works of Francis Thompson. In Three Volumes. 6s. net each. (London: Burns and Oates).

Mr. Meynell has been very pious in his task as editor: he has been very inclusive: and indeed there is so little of Thompson which is not shot through with the colour and light of genius that one ought not to quarrel with his inclusiveness. Just one thing I wish—not away—but out of the place where it stands now. That is the Proemion to "Love in Dian's Lap." To be sure with a subject he loved and was never tired of the poet must needs do fine things; yet one imagines, and prays pardon for the imagination, that he himself would have rejected the Proemion in its entirety as it stands. Indeed the main objection to it is that it stands where it does, introducing poetry of such excellence, so full of sudden bright felicities which are the felicities of our common day, the poet's side of what is immemorable for ordinary mortals.

"Vain are all disguises! Ah,
Heavenly incognita!"

For it is one of the great beauties of this poet's poetry that familiar things move in his pages and startle one with a sudden beauty.

"But when so sad thou
can'st not sadder
Cry, and upon thy so sore
loss
Shall shine the traffic of
Jacob's ladder
Pitched betwixt Heaven
and Charing Cross.
Yea, in the night, my soul,
my daughter,
Cry, plucking Heaven by
the hems
And lo, Christ walking on
the water
Not of Gennesareth but
Thames."

How the London names shine out like jewels transfigured! Nothing else but the common intimate things we know could have so brought home to us the wonder of the poetry. It is like the London Spring, which comes more exquisitely, with pale green fires delicate against the black house-fronts, than any country Spring; like the song of the thrush in a London suburban road on a March day, in a stunted tree with its feet caught amid stones for ever, a song beyond the songs of woodlands.

Something of the Proemion at least should have gone. The poet would never have passed:

"Though Pan may have delicious throat
'Tis hard to tolerate the goat."

It would have been impossible for the most audacious of parodists to have so misrepresented Francis Thompson.

Readers of THE BOOKMAN will not need to have chapter and verse for Francis Thompson who is of the Kingdom. One does not give assurance of such. But one may pause to marvel at Thompson as a close and curious student of the feminine mind. To one who knew him there was always something of the cloistral air, of the natural celibate about him. How did he gain these curious intuitions, these knowledges? It is man who knows woman better than woman, or at least tells the truth about his knowledge. Woman, knowing man through and through, is banded in a league of perpetual silence. It would be worse than the war of the vote if she were to begin to tell her knowledge. It is one of the indiscretions that no militant woman has yet perpetrated; or perhaps it is that the militant woman has never really surprised man in his fastnesses.

To be sure one remembers that Francis Thompson saw come and go before him a group of lovely sisters, from the time when they were "little radiant girls" to the threshold of womanhood. No girl would be alarmed by the "abashless inquisition" of such a one as Francis Thompson—lost in his dreams. But it is just such a one that observes minutely and records. It is not safe to depend on a poet's abstractions.

Francis Thompson.

From a drawing by the Hon. Neville Lytton, October, 1907.
From "The Collected Works of Francis Thompson" (Burns & Oates).

It is a far cry from the magnificent bit on the woman child in "Sister Songs" to "a Narrow Vessel" with its minute and triumphant analysis of a girl's mind. In the "Sister Songs" it is:

"O thou most dear!
Who art thy sex's complex
harmony
God-set more facilely;
To thee may love draw
near
Without one blame or
fear,
Unchidden save by his
humility:
Thou Perseus' Shield wherein
I view secure
The mirrored Woman's fateful-fair allure!
Whom Heaven still leaves a
twofold dignity,
As girlhood gentle, and as boyhood free;
With whom no most diaphanous webs enwind
The bared limbs of the rebukeless mind.
Wild Dryad, all unconscious of thy tree,
With which indissolubly
The tyrannous time shall one day make thee whole;
Whose frank arms pass unfretted through its bole:
Who wear'st thy femineity
Light as entrailed blossoms, that shalt find
It erelong silver shackles unto thee.
Thou whose young sex is yet but in thy soul;—
As hoarded in the vine
Hang the gold skins of undelirious wine,
As air sleeps, till it toss its limbs in breeze:—
In whom the mystery which lures and sunders,
Grapples and thrusts apart, endears, estranges,
—The dragon to its own Hesperides—
Is gated under slow-revolving changes,
Manifold doors of heavy-hinged years."

"A Narrow Vessel" is too long to quote, but it is one of a group of poems about a girl's way; and a shorter poem will suffice.

"She was aweary of the hovering
Of Love's incessant and tumultuous wing;
Her lover's tokens she would answer not—
'Twere well she should be strange with him somewhat:
A pretty babe, this Love,—but fie on it,
That would not suffer her lay it down a whit!
Appointed tryst defiantly she balked,
And with her lightest comrade lightly walked
Who scared the chidden Love to hide apart,
And peep from some unnoticed corner of her heart.
She thought not of her lover, deem it not
(There yonder, in the hollow, that's *his* cot),
But she forgot not that he was forgot.
She saw him at his gate, yet stilled her tongue—
So weak she felt her, that she would feel strong,
And she must punish him for doing him wrong:
Passed, unoblivious of oblivion still;
And, if she turned upon the brow o' the hill,
It was so openly, so lightly done,
You saw she thought he was not thought upon.
He through the gate went back in bitterness;
She that night woke and stirred, with no distress,
Glad of her doing,—sedulous to be glad,
Lest perhaps her foolish heart suspect that it was sad."

It was one of the strange, quaint, lovable things in the poet that he was simple, and of the common clay, at home amid Heaven and the stars, yet very human and profoundly interested in human things. No one could ever impute the aloofness, the loneliness, to Francis Thompson which often belongs to the essential poet. Perhaps it was his gain from the submerged years that the human pain and the human need must always be understanded of him and appeal to him. It was, perhaps, the meaning of his fate: his mortal and suffering preparation for the immortal, the purgatory before his heaven. He carried the heart of a boy out of it, and would descend from his heights to shout for the cricket or football edition of the evening papers. Mr. Meynell gives us the one fascinating scrap of cricket poetry which has survived, a fascinating thing that makes us long for more.

New Books.

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF PHILIP, DUKE OF WHARTON.*

There are few more fantastic histories than that of the Duke of Wharton. He was born in 1698, the only son of Lord Wharton (a barony created in 1544), and, as a youth, showed great precocity. He made a runaway marriage before he was seventeen, and a few months later succeeded his father, who had been raised to a marquisate some years previously.

The new Marquis then undertook "a grand tour" on the Continent, and meeting there with many Jacobites, became an ardent follower of "James III." Mr. Melville prints numerous letters to and about Wharton from such distinguished Jacobites as the Pretender himself, his Queen Mary, the Earl of Mar, the Duke of Ormonde, and so forth. The Marquis was now getting deep into the net of Jacobite intrigue and even visited the Pretender at Avignon (the first of various meetings in different parts of Europe). When he reached Paris, Lord Stair, the British Ambassador, was compelled to give him some friendly words of advice.

Summoned to England by his trustees, he reached London again in 1717. Here his enthusiasm for the Stuarts rapidly waned, although James, at his urgent request, went so far as to "create" him "Duke of Northumberland"—a very barren honour at best, as it had no legal validity whatsoever. The home Government, who knew about his coquetting with "the cause," thought it wise to treat it simply as a boyish freak. They realized that he was a young man of promise, and, in order to bind him definitely to the Loyalist side and to their party in politics, not only ignored his treasonable dealings but actually created him, while still a minor, Duke of Wharton. It was, as Mr. Melville remarks, "perhaps the most extraordinary bestowal of an honour that has ever been made in this country."

The Duke, who had sat for some years in the Irish House of Lords even before he reached his majority, took his seat in the English House of Lords as soon as he was twenty-one. His private life, after a short spell of respectable re-union with his wife, became notorious for its viciousness and extravagance. He is said to have lost about £120,000 in the South Sea Bubble, and his immoralities quite shocked the town—which was by no means prudish in those days. But he was also a patron of letters, bestowed a pension on the poet Young, and had numerous dedications addressed to him. He even wrote a little himself, but, if Mr. Melville's quotations are fair samples, with no particular claim to distinction.

In the House of Lords he voted Tory, in opposition to the Government who had made him a duke, but in full agreement with his character for fickleness and unreliability. He spoke several times in Parliament, and in 1723 made his famous speech in favour of Atterbury, the Jacobite Bishop of Rochester, who was being persecuted by Walpole's government. Mr. Melville prints this eloquent speech in an appendix, and it certainly proves that Wharton was decidedly a man of remarkable talent.

In 1725 the Duke again went abroad, to Vienna, having entered anew into negotiations with the Pretender, after becoming, apparently, a most loyal subject of George. The following year, unable to effect anything in Vienna, he moved on to Spain as envoy of the Pretender. His Duchess died in April, and shortly after he married an Irish maid-of-honour to the Queen of Spain. But he was now becoming unpopular amongst the Jacobites themselves, and James declined to employ him further. There was nothing for him left to do but to enter the Spanish army.

After a time he made overtures to the British Government for a pardon (they had proposed to indite him for high treason for having taken part in the attack on Gibraltar), and this would undoubtedly have been granted could he have been induced to throw himself on the King's mercy. But his pride revolted, he again went over to the Jacobites, and the Government, their patience at last exhausted, felt compelled to outlaw him. His estates were seized, and he was reduced to absolute poverty. He was now in France, and for a time lived in a convent (he had joined the Catholic Church on the occasion of his second marriage). But later he returned to his regiment in Spain, where he died near Tarragona, in a destitute state, in 1731. He was in the thirty-third year of his age.

This, in brief, is the history of the first and last Duke of Wharton. He was a man on whom Nature seemed to have poured all her gifts, but who simply insisted on his own ruin. Mr. Melville has done well to present us with a full-length portrait of this singular figure. His name is now more a by-word for debauchery than for anything else, but it is quite

* "The Life and Writings of Philip, Duke of Wharton." By Lewis Melville. With Seventeen Illustrations. 16s. net. (John Lane.)

Photo by Bassano

Baroness Orczy

Dux Eng. Co. Ltd.

Printed at the Edinburgh Press, London, E.C.

Philip, Duke of Wharton.

From the mezzotint by Strong in the possession of A. M. Broadley, Esq.

From "Philip, Duke of Wharton," by Lewis Melville (John Lane).

obvious that he was something different from a mere rake. His intentions fluctuated like a tide, and he was obviously quite lacking in any kind of stability, but he was not really altogether unprincipled. If he had been that he would not have been so often on the unpopular side. Political morality in those days was in a very curious condition (who has ever probed all the abortive plotting of the English half-Jacobites ?), and, as to private morality, he was only worse than half the peerage of his time in that he was more open. In the early part of the eighteenth century English "high life" was at a pretty low ebb. It hadn't recovered from Charles II. So one must allow a good deal for poor Wharton. Of course, nearly all that he did was utterly worthless, but one feels that with only a little more wisdom, he might have been an infinitely better man. He might even have been a respectable man eventually !

RICHARD CURLE.

THE RENAISSANCE AND ITS MAKERS.*

It is an acknowledged ungraciousness to look a gift-horse in the mouth ; and a sincere book is ever a gift, if gift there be. Indeed, it is a slice out of the life of a man. This handsome volume is such a gift to the world—a rare sincerity. That it gave its authors a superb opportunity to create an artistic masterpiece can be denied as little as that they were not wholly dowered with the supreme gifts wherewith to achieve the masterpiece ; but they frankly put it forth as but an ordered study of a wondrous re-awakening of the human race—and let us at once as frankly acknowledge that it is far more than that. To gather this complex age into one volume in such a form that the man in the street shall be able to understand the vast movement as a whole, this was no mean task. It has been achieved with rare skill. The authors lacked the full artistry of such a genius as that of Green in the writing of the famous "Short History of the English People" : the picture is unequally painted ; the phrasing has not that rich virility that brings portraiture to full life ; the English is not of the power that creates the absolute illusion which we call art ; but the picture as a whole is clear and precise, and at times not only is the age set before the reader with consummate *finesse*, but a portrait is painted with such artistic charm that the gems perhaps make one feel the lack of lustre in the lesser portraiture. But whilst the portraits are unequal, the employment of the portraiture of the great personalities about which to build the age, from rise to fall of the Renaissance, compels the age into the reader's mind in a skilful fashion that makes for pleasant reading ; and this book should widely increase the general interest in one of the most important periods of the history of man—the more so when we remember that it is exactly the preciosity of many writers that has hitherto baffled the man in the street in his efforts to sift the complexities of the period. Both authors must be congratulated upon the making of a book that has been written with sincere intention to clarify what more than one man of high repute in letters has failed to clarify.

The volume suffers from the absence of a simple sketch-map of Italy ; and the omission of one or two "authorities" in the bibliography accounts for what might have given a still larger vision. But Italy, from its romance and splendour, has always held too great a position in the Renaissance.

A certain dryness of manner, and an occasional misuse of a word—such as "factitious" where "factious" is meant—must be confessed ; but on the whole the presentation is clear, and often colourful. The strength of the work lies in its brilliant pageantry of great figures, whereby we come into simple and easy relation with the age ; whereby, also, we get an excellent sense of the relation and proportion of the famous personalities to each other and to the peoples that produced them.

And what a strange age ! How fantastic the human !

Our authors realise that the old theory of the Renaissance having come out of Greece into Italy can no longer be upheld—it does not account for the vitality and significance of the great awakening. It was largely out of the Gothic spirit invading the lands of distracted Italy that the Renaissance came to blossom. The dark and sombre soul of Dante, steeped in the mediæval threat of the Last Judgment, was never obliterated from the soul of Italy for all her toying with the Paganism of antiquity. It was in the North and the peoples of the North that the new age found its reality and achieved the freedom of man—his soul and his body. The old Latin culture was granted to Dante, but only to be transformed into a mystical part of mediævalism ; yet he strides withal, scarlet-robed and tragic, towards the great awakening. Then enters Petrarch, mistaking mimicry of Latin verse for poetry, yet penning in his living Italian tongue the love of Laura, which keeps him immortal, whilst his precious Latin epics, his chief source of pride, moulder unread. Nay, did not Dante himself come near to oblivion by beginning his masterpiece in Latin, changing to the singing of his native tongue, whereby he "created" the Italian language into a splendour ? Here we have the picture of it all most ably drawn. Petrarch brings the new interest in the "humanities" of antique days into the land, and stands out the first great "humanist." He frets his soul that Greek has been denied to him. Enter the "Greek" in Boccaccio, who tells his immortal tales to a bevy of aristocratic men and maids in the garden whilst, without, Florence is racked with the plague. Here is Renaissance Italy in all its heartlessness, its fine manners, its brutality, its vice, its strange admixture of Christianity and Paganism, wholly revealed. The joy of life and terror of hell-fire go hand-in-hand. The Church, aforetime the store of learning, carefully pruned to fit the scholastic ideals, yields up its learning to poet and painter ; and paganism walks the streets of Italy, arrayed in costly apparel, bereft of all decency, impelling, strangely enough, to the freedom of man withal ! The sweet mediæval soul of Saint Francis

* "The Renaissance and its Makers." By J. D. Symon and S. L. Bensusan. 10s. 6d. net. Illustrated. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

of Assisi has already turned to the love of all created things and the joy in them; the black scowl of Saint Dominic turns Italy into a shambles for the slaying of men that their souls may be saved; and Italy is to be rent asunder by the warring ideals. Guelph and Ghibelline, Pope's man and Emperor's man, make the stones of her streets run blood. Everywhere grows mimicry of the antique. Even genius mistakes mimicry of dead language for "style." Schools and academies arise wherein men discourse of the ancients. But the hairsplitting and verbal quibbles of mediæval "philosophy" give way to free logic. "How many angels can dance on a needle's point?" drops out of serious consideration. The great princes gather wits and philosophers and poets and painters about them. Culture becomes the fashion. Here pass before us the great figures of the Italian days—and, to the author's credit be it said, they are no lay figures. But the academies, whilst they give an impetus to learning, have the seeds of decay in their birth, and "euphemism" and "style" are digging the graves of the wits of the Renaissance. Allegory stalks the land; and the pagan gods return—whom nobody really worships or fully understands, so they are bemuddled with the saints. Great men collect libraries of ancient manuscripts; and anon the invention of printing, coming like the real Renaissance out of the North, spreads knowledge broadcast. The classic falsity of Beauty as the whole aim of art is set up, and is to plague the centuries. Here we see, out of the turmoil of Italy, the great Papal houses arise; here the great princes pass before us. Italy, missing the significance of the rise of nations, fights an internecine strife. The Spanish house of the Borgias brings forth its vast crimes and genius, giving a name to hideous living that has overwhelmed even the most famous woman of that house, the much-maligned Lucretia. Cosimo and Lorenzo and the lesser ones of the de Medici are clearly limned in their sagacity and their splendour. Venice, Florence, Milan, Naples give each their setting in turn. Criticism takes too large a share and baulks vital originality on every hand; yet genius triumphs even over this blight. Here step Chrysoloras and Pletho, importing Plato. So Italy becomes "the blundering instrument of a possible progression." Rags are made into paper; a century and a half passes and movable metal types are brought into Italy. The Church encourages printing, which is to pluck the mighty from their seats; as wilfully the Church turns upon printing and persecutes the makers of books. Out of the splendid welter, hideous as splendid, steps the pure-hearted Vittorino; goes to the court of the Gouzaga, and establishes the modern school for the training of youth; cleansing the life of boyhood in marvellous fashion; beloved and respected of all; scorning the wealth that was his for the filching; dying as lacking in monies as he began, one of the noble spirits of this strange time. Savonarola the reactionary flits his sombre day and passes to his hideous death. Machiavelli is seen in his just and true colours—indeed, a sense of justice and fair-mindedness is one of the most remarkable qualities of a remarkable book. The women of the Renaissance add their romance. Ariosto passes, singing his lays. And with an excellent survey of the Renaissance as it awakens the peoples of Europe—wherein Erasmus and Luther fall into their right perspective, for we see them in relation to their age—we end the volume with a sense of having been led through the maze by guides who have mastered their subject and been enthusiastically impelled to share their vision.

HALDANE MACFALL.

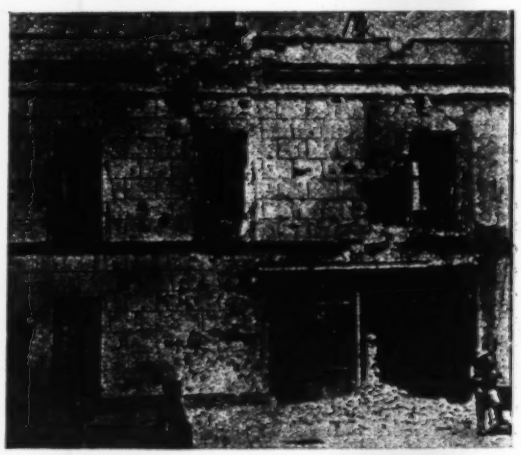
MODERN BARBARIANS.*

In his chapter entitled "An Introduction to Mexican History," which is not nearly as dull as he fears it will be, Mr. Baerlein casts his eyes backwards to "the lamentable day when I was not more versed in Mexico than most of you who read these lines," and recollects that he conceived it to be "a land of Aztec battlefields on which the modern desperadoes skulked behind the cacti when they were not killed by Diaz." Mexico has formulated itself in some such terms to most; it has counted among the lands of romance, a sort of colonial Spain as Spain was in the time of Gil Blas and Lazarillo de Tormes; its affairs were so remote from one's commonplace concerns that it stood to lose rather than to gain in colour and interest by matter-of-fact investigation. It is a strong recommendation to the reader that Mr. Baerlein is at least not matter-of-fact; that he sees with imagination and emotion; and that the Mexico in which he is now "versed" is still a land of warm colour and utter strangeness.

One peculiarity in the book is noteworthy and that is the evidence it affords of the author's saturation in his subject. One knows actually that he was not in the country very long, that he saw it as a visitor and journalist; yet he writes of it often as though certain things—sometimes very awful ones—were too well known to need new mention. His very allusiveness is the cause of occasional obscurity; for example, it is impossible to be sure, from what one reads on p. 204, whether the doctors at Monterrey, in Northern Mexico, actually murdered their small-pox patients by poisoning them, or whether they merely treated the disease wrongly. But in general, he sets forth his vast fund of knowledge about men and affairs not only lucidly enough, but with a wealth of anecdotal corroboration which aids one to realise alike the horror and beauty of which he was a spectator. In politics he is, of course, a partisan, not so much because he approves of any particular regime as that he disapproves, to state it feebly, of Diaz, his memory, his works and his character.

It is not surprising, in the light of what Mr. Baerlein tells us, that Diaz should have taken such a hold upon Mexico. Countries, one supposes, have the governments they deserve; a land in which political murder, torture and slavery are native, is naturally governed by those most proficient in slaughter, torment and oppression; *à bon chat bon rat*. "The Mexicans are descended on the one side," wrote Mr. Cunninghame Graham, "from the most bloodthirsty race of Indians that the Spanish conquerors came across, and on the other side from the very fiercest elements of the Spanish race itself—elements which had just emerged from eight hundred years of warfare with the Moors." Mr. Baerlein finds them childish, but childish in the fashion of a very fiendish and perverted infant. It is hardly the word his readers will select after a perusal of his pages teeming with tales and instances of cruelty and lust. Unrest is in their blood; one doubts whether a genuine republicanism is a feasible means of governing a race so habituated to the horrid joys of civil war.

Though Diaz fell, there are yet living many of the men



How they bombard Editors in Mexico. Office of the *Heraldo Independiente*.

From Mexico, the Land of Unrest," by Henry Baerlein (Herbert & Daniel).

* "Mexico, The Land of Unrest," by Henry Baerlein. (Herbert & Daniel.) 16s. net.

who held office under him, chiefs of police, commissioners, judges and so on, without whose good will his infernal system could not have had effect. Diaz, in his strength and genius, was no more a typical Mexican than Napoleon was a typical Corsican ; it was his underlings, the men who stabbed and hanged and stole, who set forth in their qualities the common measure of their race. Mr. Baerlein has his idyllic chapters, his moments of tenderness for the beauty of the country and its intimate life which furnish a tranquil background to its drama of ferocity and avarice ; "Oaxaca's Road of Life and Death," is a sketch of much delicacy and charm. But he conveys the sense, none the less, that almost any of his vividly appreciated peasants needed only promotion to an office of authority to be a bloodthirsty and libidinous tyrant. He furnishes us in one place with a photograph of Villavicencio, a Commissary of Police—an effect of fat, avid face, heavy jowl, protuberant eyes. This ruffian had his court equipped with instruments of torture ; it was ruin for a woman to be brought before him. He had once been condemned to death for a murder ; though he was not executed, the sentence appears to imply that, apart from his office, he was not a man of any consideration. "The Mexican," says Mr. Baerlein, "is naturally cruel."

Naturally cruel, naturally unruly, naturally vile—that is the impression one derives of the Mexican from this, the most important book upon Mexico which has appeared for some years. It is always dangerous to generalise concerning a race of people ; Villavicencio and his colleagues may be merely the fine flower, the extreme expression, of the nation's tendencies and faults. The slavery in Yucatan, which Mr. Baerlein demonstrates to exist with embellishments of flogging and forced marriage, may be peculiar to Yucatan ; but that is not the effect of the book. Mexico, the land of unrest, is likewise the stronghold of inhumanity, of that hungry barbarism which is the uglier for its existence in the midst of the apparatus of civilisation. Some day, in the nature of things, this incapable and disorderly people will become subjects of the United States ; it is in the interest of the world's decency and moral progress that its unrest should be quelled as soon as possible.

PERCEVAL GIBBON.

A NOVEL OF QUALITY.*

There is occasionally a fitness in the association of a particular publisher with a particular book and that of Messrs. Duckworth & Co. with "Sons and Lovers," Mr. D. H. Lawrence's latest novel, is an example of it. The book has naturally a place in a list which includes such authors as John Galsworthy, Cunninghame Graham and Charles Doughty, to name only three of the many who have enriched the literature of to-day with work which is, in some sense, esoteric, claiming acknowledgment and understanding from a limited circle of readers rather than from that general public for whose accommodation the circulating libraries have their being. It has nothing of urbanity and no trace of the humorous and faintly contemptuous patronage which is common—and probably rather difficult to avoid—in novels dealing with a particular piece of country and class of people. Its descriptions and interpretations are convincing as experience is convincing ; Mr. Lawrence is on his own ground and presents it with an assured intimacy of knowledge that never fails or blurs. It is Derbyshire and Nottingham of which he writes, the Derbyshire in which the grime of coal-mines is close neighbour to open country of singular charm, and the quality of it is in the very texture of his story.

The sons and lovers of the title-page are the sons of Gertrude Morel, who married a miner and lived in the Bottoms at Bestwood, Mr. Lawrence wastes sympathy on none of his characters ; it is much if he gives them an approving word ; but Mrs. Morel is drawn at fullest length, as faithfully as if he loved her. Her husband, a fine and florid animal at the time of her marriage, is shallow and futile, a creature of easy appetites easily slaked ; the book comes upon her at a time when she has to suffice for herself in all that side of her life which is responsible and not merely material. She was clear headed, faithful to her ideas of right, full of strength and purpose, and with it she did not lack her spice of shrewishness.

It was with her children that she was successful, and chiefly so with her second son, Paul, the most notable and by far the most complex and ineffectual lover of them all. He shares with his mother the centre of Mr. Lawrence's stage ; for him her harsh righteousness tones itself to a softer key. With his diffidence and fastidiousness there goes a strain of the artist ; he has the makings of a painter in him ; he concludes by being extraordinarily ineffectual both as a lover and a man ; but it is the author's gift to show him as not the less real for that. It is impossible to summarise the tale of his emotional adventures ; there is hardly anything in the book that can be conveyed at all in synopsis, the whole of it develops itself so truly that there is scarcely an episode which would not lose significance if it were detached from its context.

Mr. D. H. Lawrence.

It is a novel of outstanding quality, singular in many respects and in none more so than in the author's constancy to his artistic purpose, which never suffers him to see his people in a dramatic or spectacular light or on a level higher or lower than his own. The fact that they exist suffices him without calling them names, whether good or bad, his business is to show them, dispassionately and accurately. He writes with a nervous pliancy which is a joy to read.

P. G.

* "Sons and Lovers." By D. H. Lawrence. 6s. (Duckworth.)

RECENT POETRY.*

Mr. Legge belongs to the class of Messrs. John Davidson, William Watson, Money-Coutts, Rowland Thirlmere and others—dignified, agnostic, rhetorical, and at once massive and shadowy. Mr. Legge is perhaps the most typical of this class, with his aristocratic, anti-popular rebelliousness, his indignation, his pride, his solid, unmistakable rhythms, and the occasional charm when he turns from this England to the one when he was a boy,

"Coming home from fishing, with a basket full of trout."

Mr. John Alford is as distinctly of a later generation, carefully nursing his individuality and telling a critic :

"O save your spite. I like myself too well
Without the insidious flattery you mete
In hating me."

* "A Symphony." By Arthur E. J. Legge. 3s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)—"Poems." By John Alford." (Poetry Bookshop.)—"Moth Wings." By Francis William Bourdillon. 3s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)—"The Hand in the Dark and Other Poems." By Ada Cambridge. 5s. net. (Heinemann.)—"The Ring of the Nibelung." An English version. By Randle Fynes. 2s. 6d. net. (Smith Elder.)—"Plays of Old Japan: The 'No.'" By Marie C. Stopes. With translation by the same and Joji Sakurai. Preface by Japanese ambassador. Illustrated. 5s. net. (Heinemann.)—"Songs from Leinster." By W. M. Letts. 2s. 6d. net. (Smith Elder.)—"Mystic Trees." By Michael Field. 3s. 6d. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)—"John in Prison and other Poems." By E. J. Thompson. 3s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)—"Fatuous Fables and other verses." By Denis Turner. 2s. 6d. net. (Fifield.)—"Selections from Ancient Irish Poetry." By Kuno Meyer. 3s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

He prefers singing to rhetoric, and turns naturally and charmingly to the Elizabethan strain of

"I love you, sweet, and there's no reason in it."

His thought is always subsidiary to his feeling, and he nearly always disdains the massive and dignified. In fact, he has the freshness, eagerness and directness which we expect from a poet. His best piece—"A Love-song to Earth"—is a very interesting, irregularly metrical, psalm-like, unrhymed poem, suitable for chanting.

Mr. Bourdillon belongs to the older generation, before the discovery that egoism is a virtue and its own reward. His new book consists of selections from his "Ailes d'Alouette" of 1890 and 1902, and some later uncollected verses. The celebrated "Night has a Thousand Eyes" comes first and is typical. Mr. Bourdillon has done well in other ways—as in "Preludes and Romances"—but this book consists chiefly of thoughts or fancies, seldom very unexpected, put into half a dozen neat lines, as in

"Sweeter than voices in the scented hay,
Or laughing children gleaning ears astray,
Or Christmas songs that shake the snows above,
Is the first day of Spring that comes with love.
Sadder than birds on sunless summer eves,
Or drip of raindrops on the fallen leaves,
Or wail of wintry winds on frozen shore,
Is Spring that comes but brings us love no more."

The sentiment and finish of Mr. Bourdillon's epigrams—heartfelt or not—leaves little to be desired.

Miss Cambridge's poetry is expansive, and she would not be content, if she had the power, to give a graceful turn to something familiar. She prefers to advocate or attack something that is being debated. She writes a sonnet on "Fashion"; she puts a passionate lament into the mouth of a "Virgin Martyr," an old maid who has longed for children; she looks forward to

"Great Art no more the plaything of the idle,
But nurse and minister to every need;
Nature no longer cowed with bit and bridle;
Conscience enfranchised and Religion freed . . ."

She asks the dog to intercede in man's favour with the animals, and tell them

"That man is something more
Than instrument of woe and death to half the creatures that have breath."

And she resembles Mr. Bourdillon in this, that verse for her is chiefly a matter of form. Neither says what could not be said in prose, but both in their degree use verse to give grace or rhetorical force to ideas. In the same way Mr. Randle Fynes writes his translation of Wagner's "Ring of the Nibelung" in verse because it is customary to render verse into verse, and the result of this is readable. So Miss Stopes uses verse in translating these beautiful antique Japanese playlets because their traditional and conventional character would be damaged and made unreal by prose.

Mr. Letts is apparently far removed by the fact that he is a singer, and the rhythm of a song adds neatness to his native exuberance, whether it is a piece like this one on a servant girl:

"Little Nellie Cassidy has got a place in town,
She wears a fine white apron,
She wears a new black gown,
An' the quarest little cap at all with straymers hanging down . . ."

or like that on J. M. Synge's grave:

"My grief! That they have laid you in the town
Within the moidher of its thousand wheels
And busy feet that travel up and down."

All his pieces have an Irish subject, with an instantaneous sentimental or humorous appeal. The best of them do all that songs need do. Their rhythmical and unmistakable emotional words are ready to combine with a melody and produce an effect like that of great poetry.

These writers can be paraphrased, but probably no living civilised person would write Michael Field's "The Captain Jewel" in prose:

"We love Thy ruddy Wounds,
We love them pout by pout."

Nor would anyone in prose thank bees for their candle-wax, and say to them:

"Work us wax so fine, its flame
Be of God the very name."

"Gethsemane" cannot be paraphrased, as these others must not be. It begins with a garden of red roses, which "are as portions of one flower"; then the author asks:

"Why are they here? So large of volume, great—
As swans from other birds take new estate—
Magnificent! Their glow confutes,
As they had plucked up rubies by the roots."

It is written in a religious state, or in imitation of one, for which prose is not adapted. The mixture of the naïve and the recondite and of what results from the difficulties of rhyme seems to need a key, and it is a pleasant change to arrive at the lucid colloquialism of

"Lively art thou on thy craft!
Mary Magdalen, no fear;
He who rules the winds is near,
Jesus Christ is sleeping aft."

which suggests religious art, not religion, as an inspiration. Religion alone could excuse her Byronic use of "lays" for "lies."

Mr. Thompson is equally far from prose, yet his religious verses are as near to prose as they are to Michael Field's. Sometimes he uses very poetical subjects and very poetical language, and both together in a poem on the marriage of the rivers Eden and Eamont:

"Let other bards the married name
Of Medway and of Thames proclaim . . ."

He is just as poetical in referring to John Davidson:

"The hapless, whom the stars,
Loving too little one so proud to take
Arms in his part against them and to lift
A heav'n-affronting forehead, drove to death
Untimely."

Yet Mr. Thompson believes that his muse is "earth-bound" and has a "miry wing." His chief success is in a mad maid's song, an echo of an earlier age, but a more intelligible echo than Michael Field's. A solemn, religious, cheerful and aspiring spirit pervades the more original pages.

Mr. Turner's gift is the now widely-distributed one of being solemn on ridiculous things and ridiculous on solemn things. His vocabulary is the usual mixture of the poetical and the slangy. Some of the results are happy, as in the farewell ending thus:

"O Liddell and Scott, and Lewis and Short,
This much I declare is true;
The happiest hours I've spent were those
I ought to have spent with you."

The book is one of the prettiest compliments paid by our ancient universities to Byron, Calverley and Mr. Belloc.

"Selections from Ancient Irish Poetry" was the best volume of poetry published in 1911 for the first time. The appearance of a second edition only two years later is the next best thing to the publication of "Georgian Poetry."

EDWARD THOMAS.

HORACE WALPOLE'S WORLD.*

Everybody interested in history or literature knows that the letters of Horace Walpole contain a veritable mine of information as to the social side of the eighteenth century, but there are few readers who have either the time or the patience to work their way thoroughly through so vast a seam. In Mrs. Paget Toynbee's definitive edition this mass of correspondence bulks to the extent of sixteen stout volumes, and who in our busy times, unless he be an enthusiast of the rarest type and the utmost leisure, would care to undertake the task of mastering their contents? There are limits to curiosity, especially curiosity about the past. So that these letters, with all their vivacity and satire, their chronicles of stirring events and

* "Horace Walpole's World." By Alice D. Greenwood. 12s. 6d. net. (Geo. Bell & Sons.)

current scandals, their pictures of politicians and frail ladies and social celebrities, as they appeared to the eye of a typical observer of his day, must remain, in bulk at least, a sealed book to the general public. Other reasons may be mentioned to explain why they are never likely to appeal to more than a very limited class of students. The author presupposes alike in the correspondent to whom he addresses himself more immediately, and in that posterity which, it is obvious he never left very long out of his thoughts, an intimate knowledge of the personalities and the social habits of his age. Townshend and the Grenvilles, Shelburne and Bedford, must be as well-known names to you as Chatham and Fox and "Billy" Pitt if you are to follow intelligently the diary, as it were, which Horace Walpole supplies of English politics. And your familiarity with the leaders of eighteenth century society must go beyond a nodding acquaintance with a Lady Suffolk or a Duchess of Devonshire if you are to move freely in drawing-rooms and salons at this smart gossip's heels. But, besides being at home in the circles which "Horry" haunts and the century to which he belongs, you must also be content to put up for hours and hours with his company, and that means that you must tolerate the conversation of an associate who is certainly a scholar, a wit and an accomplished man of the world, but also a worshipper of rank, a believer in the divine right of autocracy, a born frivol and an amateur. Here is an author who pretends to be ashamed of authorship, a devotee of art who despises the honest work that must go to its making, and a letter-writer who by some divine miracle triumphs over his affectations and writes literature in his own despite. It is odd to think that, whereas as expert in art and as patentee of pseudo-Gothic he has passed into oblivion, whereas as dabbler in lurid romance and drama he is recognised for the amateur he was, it is just those products to which he devoted enormous pains and conscientiousness —his Memoirs and his Letters—that keep his fame alive. Such is the Nemesis which time has wreaked on the person who seemed to think that any fine gentleman who tried could beat the artist on his own ground.

Horace Walpole, however, is excellent enough company for short spells of time and with the aid of an interpreter who uses the best of the material his letters provide for re-creating his times and making a study of their broader features. This is what Miss Alice D. Greenwood has done in her just-issued and brightly-written account of "Horace Walpole's World," and readers who tremble at the notion of absorbing him wholesale in the definitive edition will be able to get on terms with him, just to the modest extent they may desire, in her kindly appreciation of the man and his environment. They may be cautioned perhaps not to accept without reservations some of her more charitable judgments. To say, for instance, as she does, that the letter-writer "never repeats gross scandal for scandal's sake" is to make an assertion which could be easily disproved unless all the emphasis is to be laid on the adjective. Similarly, Miss Greenwood should be checked carefully when she talks of Horace as if he had a genius for friendship. That quarrel of his with Gray was never more than superficially patched up. He had disputes and parted with nearly all his earliest friends. And it may be surmised that only a lucky absence, continued for nearly fifty years, prevented a breach with Sir Horace Mann. Certainly there is something strange in the circumstance of Walpole's never having sought out the companion of his youth and the chief correspondent of his life, though he himself was addicted to travel. Did he suspect his own touchiness and intolerance of contradiction and determine to keep one chain with the past unbroken? However that may be, Miss Greenwood makes out the best case that can be made for her hero, and she has some very happy chapters on eighteenth-century taste in art, on the leading men and on the corruption of the politics of the day, on society in France, on Bath and the inns and roads of Walpole's age, and on the *grandes dames* whom it was his proud boast to count among his circle of intimates. Wit as well as knowledge informs her writing, and she has one chapter disposing

Thomas Gray.

From a painting by J. Æ. Eccardt.
From "Horace Walpole's World," by Alice D. Greenwood (G. Bell & Sons).

of the legend of Charles James Fox which will amuse all who turn to it who are not Whig partisans. It is a little too cruel, possibly in tone, and now and again runs to the extreme of Tory reaction, but in its main contentions it is quite just.

F. G. BETTANY.

BORROW'S ROMANTIC BALLADS.*

When George Borrow was a raw youth in a Paternoster Row publisher's office he was considerably tormented by an experienced senior clerk of the firm, the somewhat sceptical, occasionally cynical Mr. Taggart. "'Well,' said Mr. Taggart, 'why don't you write something grand?' 'I have,' said I. 'What?' said Taggart. 'Why,' said I, 'there are those ballads.' Taggart took snuff. 'And those wonderful versions of Ab Gwilym.' Taggart took snuff again. 'You seem to be very fond of snuff,' said I, looking at him angrily. Taggart tapped his box. . . ." We know now precisely what Taggart meant. We have the ballads, we have these wonderful versions. We realise for the first time the peculiar delicacy, acumen, and reticent charm of Mr. Taggart's methods of criticism. When Borrow was a young man metrical versions were popular. He had a singular knack of acquiring new languages after a more or less primitive fashion. When he ought to have been endorsing or engrossing in the office of the Norwich attorney his head was in his desk, poring over Danish or Welsh bards; and he stuck over them so long that he temporarily injured his eyesight. "My eyes were rather dull," he wrote, "from early study"—this when he was in "The Dingle" in 1825. The fashion for translated ballads is not, perhaps, a very commendable one. The ballad depends on words strong and poetic, because they are old and were

* "Romantic Ballads, Translated from the Danish, and Miscellaneous Pieces." By George Borrow. [Making up an issue of 800 copies in all.] A facsimile edition. 10s. 6d. net. (Norwich: Printed and Published by Jarrold & Sons.)

once spontaneous and sparkling as the eyes of youth. Borrow, Browning and Longfellow, among many others, enjoyed converting ballads from one speech into another. The distinctive ballad features were generally lost in the process, but the public declared itself fashionably diverted, and the ballading went gaily on. In 1823 George Borrow began to market his versions. He got introductions to editors, and his polyglot verse began to appear in *Monthly* and *New Monthly*. Whether he got anything for them or no is another question. For some reason or other he appears to have attached special value to his Gaelic, Romany and Welsh renderings; but, as Mr. Edward Thomas, who is perhaps the most capable of all writers on Borrow, observes, his translations from Ab Gwilym are not interesting, either to lovers of the poet or to lovers of the prose writer; "some are preserved in a sort of life-in-death in the pages of 'Wild Wales,'" and it does not give one pleasure to remember them. If I remember rightly, some are in quite execrable blank verse. Borrow's prose has not much distinctive prose quality to it as a rule; but his verse has no poetic quality whatever, it is declamatory, strident, rhetorical, or merely vapid. Here we have, in the 1826 volume, the "Ballad of Svend Vonved," so often referred to by Borrow as a chant or marching song. Here we have "St. Oluf" and "The Heroes of Dovrefeld," from the ancient Danish, rather more favourable specimens on the whole. Then there is "The Tournament," from the old Danish, the several lays from Oehlenslæger, and a few scattered fragments of original composition, such as the lines to honest "six foot three," in the person of the Norfolk lad, who twenty tongues could talk and sixty miles a day could walk. The original volume was published by subscription at Norwich in 1826, and the present facsimile reprint is appropriately dated "Norwich, 1913," the year of the Borrow celebration at Norwich, under the shade of the ancient cathedral in which Borrow should by rights have been buried. These poems have been much in request among collectors, and the fever of Borrovian curiosity has at length warranted their re-issue. Given the demand, the re-issue could not have been better done than it is in this facsimile reprint of Jarrold's, with a facsimile of the handwriting of George Borrow, and the variant title-pages. The old list of subscribers is in itself a curiosity. A murderer seldom figures in such a document. But we have here the name of "J. Thurtell," who must obviously have been the Thurtell referred to in "Lavengro" (something of an ally of the great Don Jorge), who was hanged at Hertford early in 1824. It is to be hoped that he had paid his subscription, and that the copy was duly handed over to his heirs and assigns. Whether the legends of our writers gain by all this exploitation is another question. To be romantic an author needs a wavy horizon, a shadowy retreat, a mysterious background. To praise and reprint the inferior work of an author because he has done superior is a doubtful benefit to his fame. Borrow as a man and as a writer depended not a little upon mysteries and veils; when these are all torn asunder and the great Romancer steps forth into the fierce light of critical everyday, an appreciable portion of the glamour by which he used to be encompassed will be found to have evaporated.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

MORE PEOPLE'S BOOKS.*

Another dozen of Messrs. Jack's books is here; the subjects are manifold. Grouped, they fall into four sets; (1) Shelley and Lamb (2) Medieval Socialism, Trade Unions, Judaism, the Oxford movement (3) the problem of Truth, Ethics, Youth and Sex (4) a miscellaneous trio—the Science of Light, Gardening and British Birds (profusely illustrated). A word or two about the others is allowable before Shelley and Lamb are spoken of.

Dr. Carr's essay on Truth is noticeable for a full chapter on pragmatism; the book is close-reasoned and is less likely to attract than Dr. Rashdall's Ethics. Here the writer condenses a larger volume and is fair to intuitionism and utilitarianism; but the naturalistic school is treated of briefly. A book on dangers and safeguards for boys and girls, when written by Dr. May Scharlieb and Mr. Silby, demands careful consideration. The earnestness of the writers is evident and their knowledge admitted; but, with all our congresses, it is doubtful if we have approached the subject in the right way. This book, too, is rather lop-sided; each section might borrow from the other. Perhaps we have to await the new doctor whose new training will allow him to speak where now he is silent. Of the other volumes the Oxford movement is a vivid recollection of quarrels now crystallised; Trade Unionism is historical and enumerative; and Judaism is an admittedly slight essay on an ever-present subject. But the freshest of all is the Medieval Socialism by the Rev. Bede Jarrett. This book, as one would expect from a Dominican, harks back to the great medieval divines and among the moderns Maitland and not Stubbs is referred to. The temper of it is admirable and we are away for the time from the *crambe repetita* of the newspaper.

Mr. Sydney Waterlow's volume on Shelley is full of facts and of an acute, if rather acid, criticism. It is but fair to remember that Shelley never published Queen Mab; that Harriet's story has not been fully told; that Shelley was in many respects his grandfather Bysshe, re-incarnated; and that the poet was clean in a dirty age, an idolised friend of the poor, religious and an incurable optimist. There is no need for anyone either in his own generation or ours to apologise for loving Shelley. The writer follows the sad and muddy facts, with an evident sympathy in the matter of political revolt. He is inclined to think Shelley was mad; and one may add that fear of incarceration by his father in said to have haunted the boy and never to have left the man; nothing can be imagined more likely to lead to deep-seated distrust and hate. The principal writings are described sometimes with admiration; but the strange autobiographic section in Julian and Maddalo is not noticed, and Hellas is praised highly to the detriment of Prometheus. Shelley considered the latter his best work, though he expected no readers; Mr. Waterlow says it has been over-praised. Todhunter, Rossetti and Miss Scudder have written on it; but even their writing is not widely known. The lyrics are always praised; but this is as it should be. Who, then, has over-praised the whole poem? In Shelley's view, curiously enough, the poetry was subservient to the teaching; and the teaching is usually disregarded. Until men give up the belief that God is the author of, and placid consenter to, war, disease, slums, and all the nameless horrors of civilised cities, no progress is possible. Shelley's generation taught (so he said) that God was Hate; to-day we teach that God is Indifference, but Shelley taught and believed (and lived it) that God is Love, or, as he would say, that Love is God. This poem is his restatement of the religious position, and, as the French critic reminds us, he is the child of that fluid mysticism which everlastingly protests against the petrified mysticism of the churches. A bibliographical note is appended, but no notice is taken of Koszul's "La Jeunesse de Shelley." As a clear account of the poet, and as a correction of idolatry, the ninety pages of this book are full of common sense; but the *Cor Cordium* was far removed from common sense.

Of a quite different character is Miss Flora Masson's study of Charles Lamb. Quick sympathy runs through it, and the man rather than his writings attracts the author; and neither Canon Ainger nor Mr. Lucas shows a more intense realisation of the "saint's" tragedy. Nothing, except the curious Kelly letters, seems to have been omitted; but Miss Masson is in doubt about our reasons for liking Elia. She thinks it due to his human nature and his story; but surely Elia without Mary Lamb, would have won fame. He was unique, for we do not read the Anatomy and the Religio closely; literature oozes from him; his touch is firm, his criticism almost inspired; but beyond this, he was a poet who did not write many verses. There is more truly poetical stuff in Christ's Hospital and Oxford in the vacation, than in many a page of wide-margined classic

* T. C. & E. C. Jack. 6d. each volume.

verse. Above all, he did not preach. While everyone round him had a brand-new gospel, Charles Lamb had none; the old wine was good enough, and like his own sweeps he taught by his life.

This little book along with Miss R. Masson's "Wordsworth" is an example of the reconstruction of a period; and if certain additions were made, or if Professor Hudson's "Poetry and Life" could be amalgamated with such studies as these, we might see the nucleus of a history of the Literature of the English People—a book *valde desiderandus*.

Portraits are added. That of Lamb is apparently the Meyer portrait with the background omitted; it is a bad copy. Considering the importance of Mary Lamb, the frontispiece should have been the Cary group now in the Reference Section of the National Portrait Gallery, and very well copied in Mr. Lucas' "Life." The picture of Shelley is probably intended for Miss Curran's, but the Shelley look is left out of it.

ARTHUR BURRELL.

POLLY PEACHUM AND THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.*

Of the many romances of the stage few are more romantic than the story of Lavinia Fenton, who ended her career as the Duchess of Bolton. She was the daughter of a Charing Cross coffee-house keeper, and her brief theatrical career was limited to the playing of the part of Polly Peachum in Gay's phenomenally successful "Beggar's Opera." She created the character, and was the most popular of the many actresses who have played it, but in the first flush of her enormous vogue the Duke of Bolton fell in love with her, and took her from the stage, and she trod the boards no more. Mr. Pearce narrates her story very skilfully, sketching in some vivid pictures of life as it was lived in the London of her day, and setting the whole in a history of Gay's "Newgate Pastoral" that is the fullest and most careful account we have come across of that long-popular play. Some fifty portraits of Polly and her associates and pictures of scenes from the play and places connected with it add to the attractiveness of a very interesting volume.

Lavinia Fenton.
"Polly Peachum."
From an engraving by Faber, after J. Ellyn, in Mr. A. M. Broadley's collection.

AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY EGOIST.†

He certainly was a bit of a scallawag during the first quarter of a century of his life, though there are indications that in a further instalment of his "Memoirs" we shall find him more orderly—may he in that rôle be no less interesting than he is here. William Hickey has not hitherto been known to fame, but henceforward he should be remembered among those who have revealed themselves—"warts and all"—with a delicious frankness which makes them perennially interesting. If, however, he is first revealed to us by the discovery of the memoirs which he wrote in old age over a century ago, his father has long been in a sense familiar, as a fly preserved in the clear amber of Goldsmith's "Retaliation."

> "Here Hickey reclines, a most blunt, pleasant creature,
> And slander itself must allow him good nature:
> He cherished his friend, and he relished a bumper
> Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper. . . .
> Then what was his failing? Come, tell it, and burn ye!
> He was, could he help it?— a special attorney?"

The youngest son of that Joseph Hickey was the William Hickey, who after a varied life in different parts of the world seems to have had a successful career in the East, to have retired when something over sixty years of age to a quiet village in England—and to have occupied a leisure which he found tedious by writing his reminiscences. How it is that the manuscript has remained so long unknown, or what chance has now brought it to light Mr. Alfred Spencer does not explain—perhaps reserving that information for the final instalment, for he does give us the gratifying news that there will be another volume or two of the Memoirs.

Young William Hickey, as revealed by himself when he had become old William Hickey, was a gay dog very early in his career, and a self-willed one as well,—as was shown when after persuading his parents to allow him to join the Navy, he refused, having reached the mature age of seven, to go and join his ship because the captain had said that once aboard the seventy-four *Burford* he would forget his absurd prejudices and be glad to eat fat! The year before he had revealed another side of his character—shown himself a true son of his "bumper"-loving father. Sitting on his godfather's knee he had said with a sigh: "'I wish I was a man!' 'Aye,' observed the Colonel, 'and pray why so, William?' To which I quickly replied: 'That I might drink two bottles of wine every day.'"

"Mr. Luttrell (afterwards Earl of Carhampton) who was a famous hard liver, pronounced that I should live to be a damned drunken dog, the rest agreeing that I should undoubtedly be *a very jolly fellow*! I believe, with no more than justice to myself, I may say, the latter prediction, as the milder of the two, proved nearest the truth. I certainly have at different periods drank very freely, sometimes to excess, but it never arose from the sheer love of wine. Society—cheerful companions, and lovely seducing women always delighted me, and frequently proved my bane, but intoxication for itself I detested, and invariably suffered grievously from."

The detestation apparently being a result of the suffering. In that passage we have something of a key to the story which William Hickey reveals of much of his first six-and-twenty years. From Westminster School he is withdrawn by request owing to his unsatisfactory behaviour; from a private school at Streatham he is removed owing to a series of escapades. Nor when he is apprenticed to an attorney are things any better, so that his family may well have sighed with relief when he went out to the East in the

* "Polly Peachum and the Beggar's Opera." By Charles E. Pearce. 16s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

† "Memoirs of William Hickey (1749–1775)." Edited by Alfred Spencer. (Hurst & Blackett.)

XUM

service of the East India Company—but he returned almost forthwith and by 1775, a duly authorised attorney, he set out for the West Indies with introductions from Edmund Burke and other of his father's friends. And there this instalment of the memoirs closes. Such a summary, however, can only indicate the course of the narrative; it is in its frank self-revelation, in its descriptions of life in London —frequently the most disreputable aspects of life,—in its intimate record of a voyage to the East, its accounts of an irresponsible young man's adventures in India and China, that the book engages and holds the attention. Though William Hickey appears (we shall learn whether it was so in due course) to have settled down, he did not suffer many qualms in recording the full story of his wild-oat sowing, but then as he declared he did it simply for his own entertainment. The result is a book that is a really valuable addition to our intimate knowledge of the social life of the eighteenth century as experienced by one who was a veritable Don Juan, and a piece of self-revelation which deserves to be placed with the classics of egotism.

WALTER JERROLD.

QUACK PAINTING.*

As I read this book I am inevitably reminded of a *Punch* "social" of five-and-thirty years ago, in which Du Maurier happily hit off the pseudo-asthetic jargon of the period. The speakers, an Ineffable Youth and a Matter-of-Fact Party, are regarding a masterpiece by Fra Porcinello Barbaragianino. Their conversation runs thus:

"But it's such a repulsive subject."
"Subject in Art is of no moment. The picktchah is beautiful."
"But you will own the drawing's vile and the colours beastly."
"I'm cullah-blind, and don't p'ofess to understand d'awing. The picktchah is beautiful!"
"But it's all out of perspective, hang it! and so abominably untrue to Nature."
"I don't care about Naytchah and hate perspective! The picktchah is beautiful."
"But dash it all, man! Where the dickens is the beauty then?"
"In the picktchah——"

Now let me justify myself by paralleling line by line these words of the Ineffable Youth with the *ipsissima verba* of Messrs. Albert Gleizes and Jean Metzinger, not Metzanger, I imagine, as printed on the cover.

Ineffable Youth.—"The beauty is in the picktchah."

Messrs. Gleizes and Metzinger.—"The picture bears its pretext, the reason for its existence within it. . . . It does not harmonize with this or that environment; it harmonizes with things in general, with the universe; it is an organism.

Ineffable Youth.—"Subject in Art is of no moment."

Messrs. G. and M.—"All pre-occupation in Art arises from the material employed."

Ineffable Youth.—"I don't p'ofess to understand d'awing. I don't care about Naytchah!"

Messrs. G. and M.—"The painter, eager to create, rejects the natural image directly he has made use of it."

Ineffable Youth.—"Subject in Art is of no moment."

Messrs. G. and M.—"Lucidity is unfitting. A picture is a noble enigma. Let the picture imitate nothing."

Ineffable Youth.—"I hate perspective."

Messrs. G. and M.—"The most serious infractions of the rules of perspective will by no means compromise a painted work."

Surely the analogy is complete.

Now I want to be quite fair to the Post-Impressionists, Futurists and Cubists. I sympathize deeply with them in their dissatisfaction with academic painting as we find it at the present day. I go so far as to say that they are right in reaching after the unattainable, because it is the hunting of the fox, not the fox's brush, that makes hunting the fine sport it is. But this, too, I am bound to say, that, after sparing no pains in studying their efforts for the last few years, both in Paris and in London, I have inevitably come to the conclusion that, when they have built upon the sure foundations of the best precedents (precedents, of course, totally ignored by them) they have now and again arrived at a masterpiece, whereas when they have relied upon their own empirical experiences they have never achieved more than an interesting *tour de force*. Let us be quite clear about this. I quote again from this book and condemn the authors out of their own mouths. They throw over precedent and yet quote in defence Leonardo da Vinci when he writes: "You must climb step by step to reach the top of a building, or you will never reach the top."

Surely that is a defence of precedent if ever there were one. Starting on the earth and rising step by step until we can hitch our chariots to a star.

I protest that the theories proclaimed in this book suggest to me nothing so much as the figure of an aeroplane, designed in the air, built in the air and flying in the air, ignoring the fact that its component parts were delved out of the earth, that it was laboriously built upon *terra firma*, and finally that it had to gain impetus for flight from the very ground that it so ungratefully spurns. That may be all right in a fairy tale, but it will not pass muster with us who know ourselves tied to this earth by the cable of gravitation.

I have ventured to label this review "Quack Painting," but we must remember that Empiricism has its place in the world as well as Science. For we must admit that Experiment has now and again accomplished at a bound what heavy-footed Science has not arrived at till much later—might, indeed, never have arrived at at all unless so spurred to activity. But we must also remember that revolutions beget charlatans, and we must be chary of accepting any man at his own valuation. And, so far as my opinion is worth anything, the Cubists, judged by the apologetics of Messrs. Gleizes and Metzinger as set forth in this volume, have signally failed in proving themselves worthy of consideration.

In saying so much, I must not be understood to condemn all that has been accomplished by the so-called Post-Impressionists and Futurists. However much I disagree with their theories, I am bound in fairness to them as artists, to put it on record that I have seen works by Van Gogh and Severini, to name only two, which seem to me a wholesome and successful protest against the shackling rules of a too orthodox academism.

G. S. LAYARD.

* "Cubism." By Albert Gleizes and Jean Metzinger (Translated). 5s. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

THE YOUNG GOETHE.*

This is an interesting volume. Of late fresh lights have been cast by several German books on large parts of Goethe's wonderful life and career, nor least upon that youth which he himself has called a "drunkenness without wine."

Much here presented is a summary of such illuminations, while a running comment analyses or explains them. The result perhaps is a process rather than a picture, but from the process a very vivid picture emerges. One consequence is manifest. What may be styled the tea-tray images of the young Goethe—smooth and varnished—disappear for ever. The paragon of Lewes, the moralist of Carlyle have vanished, and the young Goethe is a man again. But a portent he remains. He is not always a pleasant portent and the youthful Goethe would hardy have pleased the oracular Goethe of middle and old age. But so it is with paramount genius. The longing to create often springs from a craving to destroy which the creator himself, when his purpose is achieved, becomes the first to condemn. After Icarus has singed his wings, he may think differently of the sun.

* "The Youth of Goethe." By P. Hume Brown, LL.D., F.B.A. 8s. net. (John Murray.)

More even than other supreme artists Goethe was the theatre of his own mind and feelings. On these he concentrated himself. Till he found his pedestal as court minister, he had no outlets of public life or public spirit for his exuberant energy, and though he was a good rider and skater, there lacked the vent of games. True, he indulged in such practical jests as walking on stilts at midnight, robed in a white sheet, and peering in at the windows; but these freaks hardly counterbalanced his introspectiveness.

Into himself he looked and looked from the first, till he made an art of his emotions and friendships—of all his many loves at this period from the humble Kätchen Schönkopf to the haughty "Lili" Schönemann and the patrician Countess Stolberg, from the sweet, simple pastor's daughter Friederike, whom he loved and rode away from, to Charlotte Buff and "Maxe" Brentano. *Solvitur ambulando.* He was always loving—and always riding away. And these lady-loves, who were only to head a long procession, all contributed to his early efforts and to his first masterpieces. Much in these regards is here of absorbing interest, especially concerning "Werther," "Götz," "Clavigo," "Stella," and his first crayon of "Faust."

Goethe's youth was a blend of Bacchus and the Olympian Jove. Even then the Olympian Jove never deserted him, and his chequered friendships with Merck, Herdes, Wieland, and the rest, mix the reveller and the leveller with the philosophic poet. Most absorbing are the pages dealing with his "Prometheus" and "Der Ewige Jude." Nor are the inner meanings of the lyrics neglected.

Everything came to Goethe—adventures almost without action and a forbearance from those whom he most offended, including those whom he utilised in his works, and the stiff father who tried him, but to whom he must have been a sore trial. "The fellow delights in battle," wrote Knebel of him; "he has the spirit of an athlete." There was also another side to his compound character which sometimes reminds us of Joseph Surface—especially when he found two passions at a time an absolute requisite.

Space forbids many points of attraction, but we can scarcely close without citing part of the double portrait of himself which he paints in a letter of 1755. The translation of it is better than most of those scattered through these pages:

> After holding up to her gaze the picture of himself "in a laced coat . . . in the idle glare of sconces and lustres, . . . the Carnival Goethe," he continues, "But there is another Goethe—one in grey beaver coat with brown silk necktie and boots—who already divines the approach of Spring in the caressing February breezes, to whom his dear wide world will again be shortly opened up, who ever living his own life, striving and working according to the measure of his powers, seems to express now the innocent feeling of youth in little poems, and the strong spice of life in various dramas; now the images of his friends . . . and his beloved household gods . . . never asking the question how much of what he has done will endure, because . . . he will let his feelings spontaneously develop into capacities."

That was it. He set out to realise himself.

WALTER SICHEL.

THE MODERN SHORT STORY.*

Of all ways of making money by writing at the present day, the framing of short tales and the weaving of novels of the sensational sort seem to be the best. The daily and weekly papers and the monthly magazines form the largest and most convenient market for the storyteller. A man who can barely earn £100 a year by devoting all his time to composing novels for immediate production in book form, may often make a decent livelihood by turning out short stories for the periodicals and writing serial novels for the Press. It is only a comparatively small number of novelists who can afford to appeal directly to the subscribers of circulating libraries and the little band of buyers of the six shilling novel.

In itself the connection with journalism does not make against the finer qualities of literature. Some of the best works of fiction first appeared in instalments, as serials now do; and in France, Maupassant and other masters of the *conte* wrote their tales for the daily press, Indeed, it was largely because French newspapers wanted a continual supply of briefly-told short tales, while our daily journals would not deign to entertain their readers in this manner, that the French school of short story-tellers developed and flourished. Most of our morning papers are still averse from publishing stories of this sort, but the *Morning Post* now gives an occasional column to a tale, and on Saturdays some of the London evening journals mingle news and fiction in an open and pleasant manner. But the success of the illustrated weeklies and monthlies of the new kind has made the short story popular in England and America, and some men of veritable genius have equalled the work of the best short story writers of France and Russia.

Yet it is notorious that our magazine tales are on the whole somewhat shoddy in texture. Some of the writers try to make up for lack of vision by a mechanical intensity of manner; this is the note of the American school of literary carpenters. The most popular of recent American magazine story writers, O. Henry, does not entirely escape from this common fault. His "Roads of Destiny" strikes me as a rather artificial thing, and though all the other tales in the volume are entertaining, some are thin in quality. Yet the editors of American papers and journals were glad to pay £200 each for some of these stories. O. Henry made his name by discovering New York, especially the Broadway, and getting something of an atmosphere of romance into tales of shorthand clerks and business girls and men. He showed his magazine public their own faces reflected in a magic mirror, and with such success that the works of Kipling are now given free to buyers of the collected edition of O. Henry's 274 stories in twelve volumes! I notice that his tales are being reprinted in some of our popular sixpenny monthlies. Everything goes to show that in the estimation of the modern magazine editors, he is the perfect story-teller of our time. Someone described Catulle Mendès as *le singe de tous les maîtres.* It strikes me that O. Henry played the sedulous ape very skilfully and very profitably. But Ambrose Bierce is worth a hundred of him.

He certainly knows all the tricks of working up an amusing anecdote into a saleable article of literary commerce. Sir Hugh Clifford in his "Malayan Monochromes" on the other hand, is rather lacking in craftsmanship. He is not a clever writer, and he wants subtlety and variety of style. Yet his book is fine and memorable. It contains the essential things—freshness of vision, insight into character, and a deep knowledge of the ways of men. As the men happen to be for the most part savage Malays and head-hunting tribesmen of Borneo, the work has the additional curious charm of wildly exotic life. "Monochromes" is scarcely the word for these blood-red pictures of tropical life. There is a violent death in almost every story, and often many violent deaths. White men go mad, or turn berserker and slay with an insane frenzy more horrible than that of a Malay crying *amok:* and all about is the hot, steaming, feverish air of the equatorial forest. Sir Hugh Clifford cannot suggest the physical and moral atmosphere of the tropics in the way that Mr. Conrad does. He is content to tell his strange tales in a plain, downright fashion; but as a delineator of Malay life and character he is incomparable.

He has the seeing eye: and so has a brilliant new writer, Mr. C. S. Evans, who also writes about barbarians in "Nash and Others." But instead of roaming the outlands of the earth, Mr. Evans has lived among Board School boys in poor parts of London, and observed these gallant and picturesque little savages with keen and yet kindly vision. Their curious codes of honour, their loyalty to their leader,

* "Roads of Destiny." By O. Henry. 3s. 6d. (Eveleigh Nash.)—"Malayan Monochromes." By Sir Hugh Clifford. (Murray.) 6s.—"Nash and Others." By C. S. Evans. 6s. (Arnold.)—"Through the Window." By Mary E. Mann. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)—"Sunia and Other Stories." By Maud Diver. 6s. (Blackwood.)—"The Open Window." By E. Temple Thurston. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)—"Smoke Bellew." By Jack London. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

and the ingenuity with which they extract romance and adventure out of the dull, grey, routine life around them, are very happily revealed. Mr. Nash ranges from farce to tragedy: but the comedy of the eternal barbarian among us chiefly attracts him. He has a delightful gift of humour, and a quietly telling way of putting things.

There is a sombre side to the life he depicts, and he touches on it: but his heroes are naturally more eager to indulge their fresh, young joy in life than to mourn their lot; so he keeps mainly to their point of view. Miss Mary E. Mann in her latest collection of tales "Through the Window" returns to Dulditch in a lighter mood than she left it. But her new book lacks the incisive power of her earlier short stories. I am afraid that the tastes of the editors of our popular periodicals are partly responsible for the apparent decline of the remarkable talents of the chronicler of the annals of Dulditch. A tale can be light and even quiet, as Miss Wilkins has shown in her New England sketches, and still be a thing of exquisite art. But Miss Mann only once shows what sportsmen would call her old form, and that is in a ghastly little murder tale, "The Blue Beads." Miss Maud Diver's "Sunia and Other Stories" is pure magazine work. The tales give scarcely a glimpse of the power displayed in those long novels of hers that I have read. I suppose they are the 'prentice efforts of her pen: there is good, sound workmanship in many of them, but no distinction in outlook or style. They deal with native and English life in India, but have no qualities equal to those abundantly displayed by Mrs. Steel.

Mr. E. Temple Thurston's "Open Window" is fresh and charming. It is composed of a series of connected sketches of country life. A village clergyman, with whom Gilbert White would have been pleased to correspond, is the hero and nominal writer of his own story. But Mr. Temple Thurston does not deserve all the praise for this fragrant pastoral: for Mr. Charles Robinson in six score of lovely designs fully collaborates with him.

In "Smoke Bellew" Mr. Jack London continues to exploit with remarkable success the literary gold mine he discovered in the Klondyke. His new book is less a novel than a collection of short tales; but the episodes are connected by the fact that they tell of the toils, adventures and triumph of Smoke Bellew and his Bret Hartean partner, Shorty. Mr. London has often been compared to Kipling, but it is the traditions of the famous Californian writer that he carries on, and one of the gambling incidents in his latest volume is as good as anything that Bret Harte ever did.

E. W.

ADVENTURES AMONG BIRDS.*

The author of "Green Mansions" and of "A Shepherd's Life" has given us a new book. As its title says, it is a book about birds, and if you know the other books of Mr. Hudson you will know what to expect by that. For no one has ever written about birds and about the secluded country life of England as has Mr. Hudson. His minute knowledge and observation have none of the pedantry of the usual naturalist. He cares not for the dead, but for the living, and he clothes all his writing with the joy of wild and free life. His style, so limpid and so easy, is precisely fitted to his subjects. For he is famous not only as a naturalist and lover of birds but as a writer of English. His books—almost twenty in number by now—are of the highest distinction and count as amongst the classics of modern literature. For Mr. Hudson's manner of describing the rare birds and the forgotten villages of England is extraordinarily original and fascinating. He has opened a new world to us at our very doors, so to speak. And here, in the twenty-seven short chapters of "Adventures Among Birds," he has given us some of his most delightful pictures.

The book carries us from the West Country to the East, and up North as far as Derbyshire. Mr. Hudson is always upon the track of the shy dwellers in marsh, in wood, in barren hill, and in shady hollow, listening to the low note of the Dartford warbler, to the "immortal nightingale," to the ring-ouzel, or to the "honk" of the pink-footed grey goose.

Perhaps, indeed, it is the wild geese that winter on the Norfolk coast that he loves best of all. To them and to their lonely haunt he has devoted several of these chapters. It is strangely thrilling to read of these great flocks streaming across the sky from their feeding grounds to the safe shelter of the sands. Upon a cloudless and glorious evening of late October Mr. Hudson saw several thousand of them at one time whirling down to their roosting-place. It was, he says, "the most magnificent spectacle of wild-bird life I had ever witnessed in England." In this same chapter—"Wild Wings: a Farewell" (one of the finest chapters of the book)—occurs a little story of a wounded goose, part of which I cannot help quoting. It is perfect. Says Mr. Hudson:

"I was out on the marsh . . . when, about half-an-hour before sunset, a solitary goose came flying by me towards the sea, keeping only a foot or two above the ground. It was a wounded bird, shot somewhere on its feeding ground, and, being unable to fly with the flock, was travelling slowly and painfully for the roosting-place on the sands. When it had got about a couple of hundred yards past me a few red shanks rose from the edge of the creek and, after wheeling round once or twice, dropped down again in the same place, and no sooner had they alighted than the goose turned aside from his course and, flying straight to them, pitched on the ground at their side. That is just how a bird of social disposition will always act when forsaken by its fellows and in distress: it will try to get with others, however unlike its own species they may be—even a goose with redshanks; and this, too, in a most dangerous place for a goose to delay in, where gunners are accustomed to hide in the creeks. It was evident he was ill at ease and troubled by my presence, as after alighting he continued standing erect with head towards me. There he remained with the redshanks for full fifteen minutes, but he had not been more than two minutes on the spot before a passing hooded crow dropped down close to and began walking round him. The crow will not attack a wounded goose, even when badly wounded, but he knows when a bird is in trouble and he must satisfy his inquisitive nature by looking closely at him to find out how bad he really is. The goose, too, knows exactly what the crow's life and mind is, and no doubt despises him. I watched them intently, and every time the crow came within a couple of feet of him the goose bent down and shot out his snake-like head and neck at him. . . . And each time this gesture was made the crow hopped away a little space only to begin walking again and hopping round the goose until he had satisfied his impudent curiosity, whereupon he flew off towards his roosting-place.

"Then, after a few minutes, from a great way off in the sky came the sounds of approaching geese, and the wounded bird turned his breast towards the land and stood with his head held high to listen to and see his fellows returning uninjured with crops full of corn, boisterous in their happiness, to the roosting-place. . . ."

A quotation such as this gives more of the essence of Mr. Hudson's outlook and style than any remarks of mine could, and therefore its length will be pardoned. The truth is that in reading Mr. Hudson one feels he has really entered into the hearts of birds as well as of the humble folk that live in the little scattered villages of England. He is at once interpreter and creator. And always he is a master through the magic simplicity of his language. That, largely, is why he is so much greater than Richard Jefferies, with whom he has many apparent affinities.

Apart from my remarks on the geese I have said little in particular about this book; but it is really unnecessary to say more than that it is by Mr. Hudson and that it deals with birds and villagers. To read it is like breathing the wind upon the downs or upon the waste saltings of the Norfolk shore. What praise could be completer?

R. C.

* "Adventures Among Birds." By W. H. Hudson. 10s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)

THE COMPLETE GARDENER.*

It may be well enough to theorize about some things, but the first thing needful to the writing of a good gardening

* "The Herbaceous Garden." By Mrs. Philip Martineau. 7s. 6d. net. (Williams & Norgate.)

book is that the author should not only be one who loves a garden, but one who has worked in it and has personally done or superintended all the work from the studying of its soil and planning its laying out, to digging, planting, tending, developing and making a successful garden of it. All this Mrs. Philip Martineau has done. She has done it with a very large long-neglected garden, where a difficulty of gravelly soil had to be got over; with a small garden of half an acre, and with one smaller still.

"People often say to me, 'How did you learn?'" she writes. "I grew up in a garden, and inherited doubtless the love for it; but I began gardening in a cat-walk at the back of a small London house out of Grosvenor Place, and grew, with some success, carnations, lilacs, and a few annuals, and such herbs as parsley and chervil. My next experience was a cottage garden on stiff clay, with an acre of garden."

Here she had a factotum to help her, and bought some of her experience at a price; but all experience that is worth having has to be paid for, one way or another, and they are fortunate who can avoid the unpleasanter way of acquiring it and for a few shillings get it condensed in such a book as this.

Mrs. Martineau writes of her subject as one who loves it and has the widest, most thoroughly intimate businesslike knowledge of it. She handles it in its aesthetic aspect very charmingly, but the chief value of her work lies in the well-informed minutely-detailed instruction it supplies on questions of design, fertilising, expense, soils, what to plant and when to plant it, and all the hundred and one considerations of work and material, taste and system that go to the creation of the garden beautiful. Written for amateurs by an enthusiastic and highly successful amateur this is an ideal manual for the beginner, and there are hints and suggestions in it that should be of value even to the comparatively complete gardener. Mr. W. Robinson supplies a useful introduction, and the plans and numerous illustrations in black and white and in colour are admirable.

Yew Hedge and Trellis, Hurst Court.

From "The Herbaceous Garden, by Mrs. Alice Martineau (Williams & Norgate).

OLIVER ONIONS' NEW STORY.*

Let us admit at once that in telling "The Story of Louie" Mr. Oliver Onions has completed in triumphant fashion a remarkable trilogy which should surely give him his righttul position at last among the foremost novelists of the day; in this—his latest—work the novelist's firm grip of motive and of feeling, his dexterity in inventing and combining essential incidents, his unrivalled sense of the picturesque in person or scene—a sense that seems to make every setting, every environment, come easy to him—have never been present in fuller measure. The great *scène-à-faire* of the story (cunningly, but not obviously, delayed till the end of the book)—the interview between Evie Soames, the girl whom Jeffries married, and Louie Causton, the girl whom he ought to have married—unerringly true as it is in every *tierce* and *riposte* may perhaps be considered the high-water mark of Mr. Onions' achievement in the conduct of a stark and passionate duel of character and of emotion. Masterly too is the fashion in which the novelist links up the life of Louie, on the one hand, with those of Izzard the painter she sits to, and of Roy Lovenant-Smith, the father of her child, and on the other with those of the three girl students whom she meets at the business college in Holborn: the sheer technical difficulties involved in this matter of connecting and of re-connecting are conquered in the simplest and yet the most ingenious way. Most arresting and appealing of all are the character and career of Louie herself, a wilful, non-moral creature, who because she is the offspring of a *mésalliance*—and in this matter we beg leave to quarrel with Mr. Onions' psychology as being partial and somewhat melodramatic—always takes it for her guiding principle in life to be ruled by the lower strain in her blood.

The first twenty-four years of Louie's life Mr. Onions has the audacity to cram into twelve pages of his book; thereafter we see Louie—always completely in the picture—as the central figure in a series of the most piquant and picturesque adventures. She appears as the rebellious daughter of a peer's sister and of a prize-fighter; as a refractory pupil at an agricultural college; as an indolent but observant student—of life rather than of "business"—at a business college; as her father's—the ex-prize-fighter's—guest at a snug little public-house somewhere Putney way; as a patient in a nursing home; as an artist's model; and in many other enlivening but precarious occupations, all of which she accepts with a fatalistic humour and courage that serve of course to heighten rather than to lighten the essentially tragic character of her story. For, as readers of "The Debit Account" know, Jim Jeffries married not Louie Causton who loved him, but Evie Soames whom he loved; while "The Story of Louie" tells the tale of a girl who, having enjoyed but two or three stolen—if innocent—meetings with the man she had lost, discovered on his death that not even love for her child could enable her to go on living any longer. The latest novel of Mr. Onions' is however not only the story of Louie Causton, it is also in many important respects the story of James Jeffries and of Evie Soames; and now

* "The Story of Louie." By Oliver Onions. 6s. (Martin Secker.)

that the hero is no longer telling the tale he and the girl he married are more distinctly and more ruthlessly envisaged. He, no longer described by himself but by the author, becomes more of a human being and less of a mixture of ogre and great natural force; while she, seen now not with Jeffries' but with Mr. Onions' eyes, is divested of any elusive charm she once possessed and, by a rather cruel metamorphosis, is seen as a jealous, underbred, rather common little suburban person. Those who like "modern melodrama"—to use a phrase coined by the late Mr. Hubert Crackanthorpe, himself no unpractised writer of such work—will be sure to enjoy "The Story of Louie," for it is quite the finest example of the heightened and intensive *conte* dealing with the life of the day that the present century has given us.

W.A.L.B.

THE LAST FRONTIER.*

An impartial opinion by a competent observer upon any question in which one is directly interested is apt to be valuable. Mr. Powell is an American, and the United States is the only one of the great powers that has not taken part in the scramble for Africa which has been such a salient feature of the last quarter century.

In spite of the many books written about it during recent years, Africa remains, and will for ages remain, the land of mystery—the Dark Continent. For many centuries Aryan and Semite have been striving to penetrate it, yet Africa still remains a tangle of unsolved riddles. Forty years ago an African map was void of intelligible detail except as regards the coastal fringe. To-day we know most of the salient physical features of the African continent and have acquired a great deal of information as to its human inhabitants. Mr. Powell's book indicates what immense and practically untouched fields for investigation still exist.

The influence exercised by Africa on Europe has never had adequate recognition. Sir Harry Johnston has recently pointed out how profoundly these continents have modified each other. Historians—and more especially Mommsen—have revealed the debt which European agriculture owes to the Carthaginians, and the profound impress which Christianity received from the early African Fathers is well known. But Africa, although it changes whatever is brought into contact with it, apparently itself does not change; in essentials the ethics, the ideals and the habits of the bulk of the people have not—excepting the revolution brought about by Mohammedanism—altered perceptibly from the days of Hannibal—if not of Hammurabi. The African can assimilate, but he cannot be assimilated.

According to Mr. Powell, France has been more successful than any other power in the matter of African colonization:

"Though thirty centuries have elapsed since Phœnicia first began to nibble at the Continent, it was not until 1884 that the mad rush began which ended in Africa's being apportioned among themselves by half-a-dozen European nations with as little scruple as a gang of boys would divide a stolen pie. This stealing of a Continent, lock, stock and barrel, is one of the most astounding performances in history. France emerged from the scramble with a larger slice of territory than any other power, a territory which she has so steadily and systematically expanded and consolidated that to-day her sphere of influence extends over forty-five per cent. of the land area, and twenty-four per cent. of the population of Africa."

Mr. Powell contrasts the considerate treatment of the native chiefs by the French, with the brusque, unsympathetic attitude of the British:

"Several times each year it is customary for the commandants of the French posts along the edge of the Sahara to organise *fantasias* in honour of the Arab sheikhs of the region, who come to attend them, followed by great retinues of burnoosed, turbaned and splendidly-mounted retainers . . . before leaving the sheikhs were presented with ornate saddles, gold-mounted rifles and, in the cases of the more important chieftains, with crosses of the Legion of Honour. . . . They go back to their homes in the desert immensely impressed with the power, the wealth and the generosity of France."

* "The Last Frontier." By E. Alexander Powell. 6s. (Longmans.)

The British system is, no doubt, the purest and on the whole the best intentioned in the world. It may seem paradoxical, and even preposterous to say so, but where that system occasionally errs is in the tacit assumption that every savage tribe appreciates strict justice above everything else. As a matter of fact this is not the case; the savage often prefers being oppressed in a manner to which he is traditionally accustomed, to being righteously treated after a pattern with which he is unfamiliar, and which he often fails to recognise as righteous.

Mr. Powell severely criticises the methods employed by the Germans in their African territorial acquisitions. Such methods appear to be rigid, unsympathetic and quite unduly severe. The result is often a wholesale exodus of population to British and French territory—and in Africa the success of any colony depends upon a copious supply of native labour being available.

"The needless severity of Germany's colonial rule is graphically illustrated by the fact that during 1911 there were 14,894 criminal convictions in German East Africa alone, or one conviction to every 637 natives; while in the adjoining protectorate of Uganda, among the same type of natives but under a British administration, the ratio of convictions was only one in 2,047. There is not a town in German East Africa where you cannot see boys of from eight to fourteen years, shackled together by chains running from iron collar to iron collar and guarded by soldiers with loaded rifles, doing the work of men under a deadly sun."

According to Mr. Powell grave difficulties lie before the Italians in the matter of the subjugating the hinterland of their newly-acquired territory. Here lies the headquarters of that strange and powerful secret society, the Senusiyeh. This society has for its object the restoration of the Mohammedan religion in its original purity, austerity, and political power. Should this cult spread southward among the Bantu clans (and there are already considerable Mohammedan settlements as far down as the shores of Lake Nyassa) the white man in Africa will be in for a bad time.

This excellent book is, of course, not without mistakes. When, for instance, the author states that the late Mr. Rhodes added Nyassaland to the British Empire, he is very wide of the mark indeed. The work is too comprehensive. Why, for instance, include Crete in a book on Africa? Admitting for the moment that the influences which at one time obtained in Crete link its history, in a sense, with Africa, there is equal warrant for including Sicily.

One may, in conclusion, note with satisfaction, that Mr. Powell takes an exceedingly sane and sagacious view of the political *status quo* in the South African Union.

The book is exceptionally well illustrated.

WILLIAM CHARLES SCULLY.

BEFORE THE CURTAIN.*

Sir Herbert Tree's recent adventure into Molière and his present outbreak into epigrammatic authorship compel us to observe that off the stage he is *précieux* and on the stage he is sometimes—well, we prefer his preciosity. We can read his volume with pleasure; but we sat through his performance of "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" uncomfortable and half-ashamed, devoutly hoping that no visitors from any intellectual centre of France or Germany were present to see such an exhibition of provincialism in the metropolis of Great Britain.

Readers need not take the essays in this volume too seriously. In most cases they are, quite naturally and justifiably, pieces of special pleading. The paper on "Hamlet," for instance, is just an actor's gloss upon the text—his marginal notes of "business" worked up into a disquisition. You agree, or you disagree, or you ignore; and that is the end of the matter; but in any case the "Hamlet" that Sir Herbert Tree discusses is not Shakespeare's play, but merely the usual selections from that play as cut down to the measure of the modern—or it would be truer to say the just out-moded stage. There is usually

* "Thoughts and After-Thoughts." By Herbert Beerbohm Tree. 6s. net. (Cassell.)

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more in Shakespeare than in an acting edition. In "The Living Shakespeare" Sir Herbert defends his methods of staging and production by the very common undergraduate fallacy of urging that the only alternative to one extreme is another extreme. Shakespeare in the hands of literary pedants is dead, he tells us. We agree; but we by no means admit that Shakespeare in the hands of Sir Herbert Tree is therefore living. His treatment of "The Tempest," (here defended in another essay) is a case in point. He could not give us a realistic stage picture of a ship in a storm and the words of Shakespeare's first scene as well, so Shakespeare had to go. That is typical. Wherever Shakespeare interferes with the ambitions of the producer, exit Shakespeare. This may or may not be advisable, and it may be as commercially successful as many other sophistications are; but you cannot adopt this course of mutilation and then claim that your collection of remains is "the living Shakespeare." The real point of what Sir Herbert Tree dismisses as "Futurism" (and I assume that he is referring to recent experiments in the staging of Shakespeare) is not at all in the decorations, which are, as decorations to Shakespeare always will be, quite irrelevant, but in the fact that this method involves the minimum of interference with the text and the maximum of transmitted Shakespearean flavour. Other profits accrue, but that is the chief of all. Sir Herbert Tree has claimed that his own treatment of Shakespeare is "imaginative." As this consists largely in translating into visible fact what Shakespeare purposely left to the fancy, I should describe it emphatically as rank materialism.

Sir Herbert's essays, however, are much better than the methods they defend. In them, at least, there is a noticeable elegance of phrase, and a very pleasant mixture of wit and seriousness; whereas in the least judicious developments of his recent comic "business" on the stage, Sir Herbert Tree has sacrificed all the graces on the altar of burlesque.

G. S.

Novel Notes.

THE DISTANT DRUM. By Dudley Sturrock. 6s. (John Lane.)

The scenes of "The Distant Drum" are laid in the smart, plutocratic set of American society; the leading *dramatis personæ* are wealthy young English wasters and the most rapacious sort of American grafters, male and female; the general atmosphere is that of the feverish night-life of New York, the life led by the *monde* and the *demi-monde* in the restaurants and cabarets of Broadway; and the big situations are hammered home with that stark, brutal explosion of speech and emotion which half-thrilled half-shocked the English theatre-goer in such recent American plays as "Paid in Full," "The Easiest Way" and "Bought and Paid For." We have purposely refrained from saying anything about Mr. Sturrock's heroine from consideration of the fact that the gradual evolution of her character furnishes several of the remarkable surprises which the novel holds in store for the reader. We will only remark that Yvonne Sebastin makes a very lovely and alluring heroine, and that in her person the author, Mr Dudley Sturrock, furnishes yet another instance of the power which—so the popular novelists and playwrights tell us—the almighty dollar, in whatever way acquired, seems to exercise over men, and more particularly over women, in the America of to-day. "The Distant Drum," it will be gathered, is by no means a pleasant story; it is, nevertheless, a story which is quite uncommonly absorbing and poignant.

JAMES HURD. By R. O. Prowse. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The advantages and limitations of narrative in the first person are well illustrated in this able novel. An intense psychological drama is envisaged through the medium of one Broadhurst, the intimate friend of James and Evelyn Hurd, parents of a seven-year-old boy, Warrie, a strange little gnome who posits a profound issue in ethics. The backgrounds in Sussex and in Leeds are as skilfully drawn as the characters of the sorely tried parents, moderns both in the popular fashion of excessive sensibility and introspection. They talk voluminously to Broadhurst in cogent explanations, their conversations sometimes amounting to monologue, and we long to find husband and wife face to face with their mutual problem; but such a scene is precluded by the method of narration chosen by the author. A less able and subtle writer than Mr. Prowse would have left the reader listless, when ostensibly the Gordian knot he created has been cut, and the pathetic incubus vanishes from sight. But the reader is thrilled with expectancy, for a provocative vista of psychological possibilities is then opened up, and the conclusion leaves one in a state of active interrogation about James Hurd's behaviour. Broadhurst, the recipient of the confidences, strikes one as a rather helpless looker-on at the bloodless tragedy, and as he is nowhere related to a world of his own, remains somewhat of a shadow. Readers who are more interested in psychology than in action will be held by Mr. Prowse's theme; but we deplore the fact that he did not chose a more agreeable one. To most of us a child is a symbol of delight, and some violence is done to natural feelings when a child is exhibited as a symbol of terror.

APRIL PANHASARD. By Muriel Hine. 6s. (John Lane.)

The chief attraction of Mrs. Coxon's stories is their simplicity, and "April Panhasard" is no exception to the rule. It tells the history of a woman forced at last to divorce her dissolute husband, but her religious scruples prevent her from taking full advantage of her legal position. She endeavours to hide herself away in the tiny village of Coddell-in-the-Dale, and here she meets an American after her own heart; but she refuses to marry him until she is not only legally but morally free. One of the most attractive features of the tale is the platonic affection evinced by April for young Boris, and how she helps him when he falls—helps him by that blessed attribute, womanly sympathy. Although there are many striking incidents in this book the main issue is never lost sight of, for Mrs. Coxon undoubtedly wishes her readers to realize the one-sidedness of the present Divorce Laws, and in this she admirably succeeds. Books of this type are so often marred by too much sensationalism, that it is refreshing to read one which steers clear of any such pitfalls.

THE DIVINE FOLLY. By Ella MacMahon. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

"He had married a good woman because he truly admired goodness and longed after it, and forfeited her love and respect because he could not refrain from evil." This—the tragedy of Sir Laurence Adeane's marriage—is the mainspring of Miss MacMahon's new novel. The real victim of the tragedy is the proud sensitive woman who is temperamentally incapable of forgiving her erring husband. Blanche Adeane has nothing but cold contempt for Sir Lawrence, who in return treats her with a studied insolence and disregard for her feelings. This painful atmosphere is charged with fresh misery and bitterness for Blanche when she discovers that her intimate friend, Elma Fancourt, has captured her husband's butterfly affection. Elma, indeed, develops into Blanche's worst enemy, ultimately threatening to alienate—by the simple expedient of marrying him—St. John Adeane, the one invaluable friend left to the wronged wife. The outstanding feature of a novel rich in interesting characters is the clever representation of St. John Adeane and of Ruth Frere, the woman he loves. The unique spiritual influence which Ruth exercises over the more "earthy" people of the story is suggested with fine delicacy and power, and gives "The Divine Folly" a welcome note of sincerity and depth.

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THE LAWRENSONS. By R. K. Weekes 6s. (Constable.)

The Lawrensons were brothers living in a London suburb, and the conduct of the story makes it necessary for them to be Roman Catholic. Some of them were on the Stock Exchange, others were Barristers, Civil Engineers or what not; and, as Mr. Peggotty says, their manners were like to those of the rough sea porcupine. Yet in spite of their pretence at being occupied with a world of affairs, and their assumption of a forbidding exterior, life was, to the Lawrensons, nothing but an orgy of self-sacrifice. Alice loves Massey and therefore marries Clive. But Clive discovers the true state of affairs, that Alice and Massey have utterly sacrificed themselves to ensure his (Clive's) happiness. Clive does not make the discovery until after his wedding and when he is indeed on his way to Windermere with Alice upon their wedding journey; so it will be seen that the author has contrived an ingenious dilemma. Clive is a Lawrenson however, as well as Massey, and consequently he also is an adept in self-sacrifice; and after a little reflection upon the matter (still in the train for Windermere) he sees his way to going one better than Massey, if one may say so. A clever story tells how Clive succeeded in restoring Alice to Massey, and how he sacrificed himself to carry out this purpose.

THE INSIDE OF THE CUP. By Winston Churchill. 6s. net. (Macmillan.)

Mr. Winston Churchill has taken a great step forward, one that will not only enhance his reputation and bring him a legion of fresh readers, but will add a deep feeling of attachment to the more purely intellectual admiration already excited by his historical novels. It is a remarkable step, a desertion of the drama of history for the drama of life itself. The epic of the creation of America is abandoned for the epic of the eternal warfare between self and selflessness. Instead of the birth of a nation, the birth of real manhood is here discussed. The main theme is the waning power of the Christian religion over human lives, and how by reconstruction, by new methods of presentation it might regain that power. The stage at first is filled with a group of selfish wealthy Americans. Some have frankly discarded religion, others, while professing great attachment to it, contradict their professions by their lives. They rule the church as they would a trust company, all the while keeping religion at arm's length. Into this only too representative gathering is introduced a young clergyman with high aspirations. He is not a Savonarola. There are "dark corners" to his past life, but a divine discontent spurs him on. He comes into contact with the daughter of the wealthiest, the most Pharisaical of the business men. She, too, has a divine discontent; in a natural reaction against a religion that produces such men as her father, she is something of an anarchist, a revolutionary. These two earnest, inquiring spirits gradually help each other on and upward to a new and more living faith, one with "the penetrability of the ether." On the whole, the book leaves an ineffaceable impression by its earnestness and its loftiness of conception; and the crown is set on the achievement by the beautiful portrait of the man who has climbed to the conception of a broader, more spiritual Christianity, and at the same time is entirely absorbed by its spirit, the old man, Mr. Bentley.

THE MAN FROM NOWHERE. By Victor Bridges. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

Mr. Victor Bridges has written an amazingly good adventure story in "The Man from Nowhere." It is frankly sensational, and depends upon that well-known expedient, beloved of romancists from the days of Elizabeth to Charles Dickens, of two men happening to be exactly alike in appearance. But this is as much as Mr. Bridges borrows; the rest is all his own, and is as new and original as the most jaded novel-reader could wish. From the very first chapter the story goes with a swing and a sparkle, and his ingenuity in inventing breathless situations is one of the author's most arresting qualities. The usual adventure story is lamentably deficient, not only in its character drawing, but in its dialogue. Mr. Bridges has neither of these faults. His characters are clear-cut and interesting, from the hero who tells the tale to Milford the butler, and their conversations are so natural and so well written that they give to the most unusual situations an atmosphere of actuality.

THE MYSTERY OF DR. FU-MANCHU. By Sax Rohmer. 6s. (Methuen.)

Dr. Fu-Manchu is a mysterious Chinese, possessed, apparently, of a knowledge of all the known and a great many unknown sciences, and sworn to the extermination of the entire white race. In fact, he is the Yellow Peril incarnate. He has established himself in London, and as a beginning he has set about the murder of everybody who knows too much about recent developments in China, and the kidnapping of eminent scientists and inventors, whom he ships to his native country in order that they may assist in the making of the coming Yellow Empire of the world. Mr. Nayland Smith and Dr. Petrie (who tells the story) are the only Westerners who really grasp the colossal nature of the menace embodied in Fu-Manchu. Their endeavours to thwart him, their failures and occasional successes, are well chronicled by Mr. Sax Rohmer. But the author does not seem to understand that a superfluity of violence is bound to pall on the reader, and that a succession of murders, woundings and desperate situations requires a more emphatic break than is supplied by the very mild love affair between Dr. Petrie and Karamanen, the slave of Fu-Manchu. Still, read in the right mood, "The Mystery of Dr. Fu-Manchu" may prove quite as thrilling as the author clearly intended it to be.

Photo by J. Russell & Sons. **Mr. Sax Rohmer.**

THE BOOKMAN TWENTY-ONE GUINEAS PRIZE POEM COMPETITION:

RESULTS.

This Competition has proved even more popular than we had anticipated. Some two thousand entries have been received for it from all parts of the world, and if one half of the poems sent in fail to reach any high average, the average merit of the other half is very satisfactory. The humorous poems, though many, are on the whole less successful than are the verses sent in for the other two sections. If we confess the truth, two or three of the worst of the sonnets, written in most evident seriousness, are distinctly funnier than nearly all the intentionally humorous efforts. It has been no light task to read and adjudicate upon this large number of poems, but everything has been most carefully considered. We print in this Supplement the poems to which the prizes have been awarded, with a selection from the others, and are pleased to say that not a few of the many we have had no space to do more than honourably mention are of equal merit with some of those we have printed. As the first prize had to be divided, we have slightly increased it, and it is a little chastening to our national vanity that both the winners are Americans.

LYRICS.

We have added a Guinea to this prize, and divide the sum of Six Guineas between Miss A. J. Burr, of Englewood, New Jersey, U.S.A., and Miss Constance Lindsay Skinner, of 438, West 116th Street, New York City, U.S.A., whose lyrics, widely different in kind, are the two best we have received:

HIS SONG FOR HER WAKING.

'Tis dawn in the sky of the world,
'Tis dawn in the sky of my heart,
And earth is the bud of a rose
Whose petals are trembling apart;
So I come to your door in the dawn,
And I breathe you my life in a word.
You would smile, you would lean from your window, my queen,
If you heard—if you heard.

The air is all throbbing with fire,
And I am a pulse of the flame,
All breathless the universe beats
Like a heart that is tuned to your name,
As the stars in their courses last night
Kept time to each breath that you drew. . . .
But our passion is dumb—oh, my love, you would come
If you knew—if you knew!

You would glow in the flush of the dawn
You glitter so coldly above;
You would lean like a rose to his cry
Who yearns to the lips of your love;
You would raise him who faints at your feet
To a height that his hope never dared;
You would warm the poor clod in your arms to a god,
If you cared—if you cared.

AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR.

SONG OF CRADLE-MAKING.

(INDIAN.)

Thou hast stirred!
When I lifted thy little cradle,
The little cradle I am making for thee,
I felt thee!
The face of the beach smiled,
I heard the pine-trees singing,
In the White Sea the Dawn-Eagle dipped his wing.
Oh never have I seen so much light
Through thy father's doorway!
(Wast thou pleased with thy little cradle?)

Last night I said: "When the child comes,
If it is a Son—
I will trim his cradle with shells;
And proudly I will bear him in his rich cradle
Past the doors of barren women.
All, all, shall see my Little Chief
In his rich cradle!
That was last night:—
Last night thou hadst not stirred!

Oh, I know not if thou be son—
Strong Chief, Great Fisher, Law-of-Woman,
As thy father is;
Or only Sorrow-Woman, Patient Serving Hands,
Like thy Mother.
I only know I love thee—
Thou Little One under my heart!
For thou *didst* move; and every part of me trembled.

I will trim thy cradle with *many* shells,
And with cedar-fringes;
Thou shalt have goose-feathers on thy blanket!
I will bear thee in my hands along the beach,
Singing—as the sea sings,
Because the little mouths of sand
Are ever at her breast.
Oh Mother-face of the Sea, how thou dost smile—
And I have wondered at thy smiling!

Aiihi! Thy little feet—
I felt them press me!
Lightly, lightly
I hear them coming:
Like little brown leaves running over the earth—
Little running leaves, wind-hastened,
On the sudden Autumn trails!
Earth loves the little running feet of leaves,
(Thy little feet!)

O K'antsamiqala' soē, Our Praised One,
Let there be no more barren women!
May thou bring no tears, my child,
When I bear thee in thy rich cradle
By the chanting sea-paths where the women labor.
(Thou hast stirred!)
Oh! haste, haste, little feet—
Little brown feet lightly running
Down the trail of the hundred days!

* * * * *

The wind is white with rocking bird-cradles;
Day is in the eyes of the Sea.
Ah! never have I seen so much light
Through thy father's doorway.

CONSTANCE LINDSAY SKINNER.

NOTE.—"K'antsamiqala' soē"—God, that is, in His highest nature as the all-encompassing Supreme (or highest) praised One. The language is that of a British Columbian coast tribe (Kwa'kiutl).

The PRIZE OF TWO GUINEAS is awarded to Mr. E. C. Buckeridge, of 5, Holly Village, Highgate, N., for:

THE OLD UNREST.

Like lanterned ships on ebbing tides,
  The stars drift out at dawn,
And over the hills the grey dawn rides,
  In splendour of veils half drawn;
And the old hushed longing stirs anew,
  The old faint mystery gleams,
And the star road, the wind road
  Are calling in my dreams.

Here in the streets the lamps burn still,
  The mist clings, white and drawn,
But my dreams are out on the windy hill,
  And the white roads of the dawn,
Where the distance lures beyond, beyond,
  And the old Pan magic thrills
In the sun-light, and the silence,
  And the wind among the hills.

XUM

For the old unrest is still untold,
That is old as the world's first breath,
Old as the sea and the stars are old,
Older than life and death,
And new as the last wind-flower that stars
The tangle of the glen—
The dawn's breath, the Spring's breath,
And the breath of dreams in men.

E. G. BUCKERIDGE.

Honourably mentioned:

LIGHT.

Sunshine might never be
Joy undefiled,
Till your love greeted me:
Then Heaven smiled.

Sleep would not set me free
Though morning broke,
Till you looked down on me:
Then I awoke.

Dark was the earth and sea,
Lonely the night,
Till you came forth to me:
Then there was light.

(V. D. Goodwin, Lyndhurst, Gillingham, Kent.)

FATA MORGANA.

I.

Close down your hatches, O my heart;
Behold the sea begins
To sweep the decks, the timbers start,
The vessel reels and spins.

II.

Bombard us with your thunderblasts,
Wild mistress of the gale;
Though crack the cables, crash the masts,
Thou shalt not make us quail!

III.

Ah, Fairy false, I've used thy chart;
Thou smilest when men drown.
Close now your hatches, O my heart;
Undaunted we'll go down!

(Dog-Rose, 16, Winchester Road, Oxford.)

MY JEANIE.

In a' the songs that hae been sung,
An' a' that may come after—
Ye'll hear nae melodie mair sweet
Than rings in Jeanie's laughter;
Aye, in her gentle laughter!

In a' the red gowd i' the warld
That's set the misers dreaming,
Ye ne'er will find a glint sae rare
As in her ringlets gleaming;
In her soft ringlets gleaming!

I'm wae to think how a' the lads
Maun envy me my denty;
I've pu'd the rose: still i' the meads
There's gowans fair an' plenty;
Nae doot there'll aye be plenty!

God fend you bonny gowden pow!
An' tune her heart to laughter!
An' I'll be feal to you, my ain,
Thro' a' this life an' after;
Please God, thro' life—an' after!

(A. L. Beatrice Sweet, 9, Shinryudo Chs., Azabu, Tokyo.)

MY APRIL LADY.

When all the sky is black with cloud
And gone the day so fair,
I find the sun has left his rays
To glisten in her hair.

And when again the shower is past
And radiant are the skies,
I find the shining after rain
Reflected in her eyes.

(May Jenkinson, 122, Palace Road, Tulse Hill, S.W.)

NOCTURNE.

Dusk on the lake, as when I met you there
In that immortal summer long ago.
Have you forgotten that we found it fair?

Dusk on the lake—Ah, Love, how young we were!
Hand within hand, your head held sidewise—so;
Dusk in your eyes and twilight in your hair.

Dusk on the lake, and I alone to care
Seeing you come not through the afterglow.
Must all things be forgot that once were fair!

(Walter Adolf Roberts, 227, Waverley Place, N.Y., U.S.A.)

IF I HAD KNOWN.

If I had known that One my heart loved best
Could stab and hurt me more than words can tell
And leave me lonely, with my love confest,
If I had known—I had not loved so well!

If I had known that vows were idle air,
That smiling eyes could look with cold disdain
On what they once deemed dearest and most fair,
If I had known—I still might love again!

But there are dreams that grow and fade like flowers,
For these I live, and toil, and make no moan,
The Past is mine, and those dear, vanished hours
Had never been, O Love—if I had known!

(Hilda Newman, 18, Pitt Street, Kensington, W.)

THE SPIRIT OF NATURE.

I know how she has grown:
The fields have taken her for their own,
And the sweet open air of heaven;
The new-ploughed earth is of her blood a part,
The rising lark in Spring is in her heart,
And in her spirit are sunset lands at even.

All things that have no soil
Of far dim cities, struggle and toil
That are nigh overcome with too much pain,
All perfect tranquil things that lend release
Unto the clouded soul and yield it peace,
These have conjoined unto her being's gain.

Those groups of silent trees,
Fields of soft grass where quiet sheep take ease,
And those blue hills beneath the sunset glow,
The watching kine that in yon river pool
Stand dripping to the flank with waters cool,
These with her blood commingled long ago.

Yet tho' she is made one
With natural things washed by the rain and sun,
She is not alien to the world of men,
The happy fields, ah, she is still their own,
But that new tenderness, that graver tone,
These sprang from worlds of pain beyond their ken.

Those eyes of lucent grey,
Are lovelier than an Autumn day,
Clear as those stainless, starlit, southern skies,
Yet they hold too all wealth of womanhood
And pity of men that will not follow good,
And in their depths a touch of sorrow lies.

Those tender lips divine
Are crimson-stained with earth's richest wine
Crushed from the dewy fields, the ripening grain,
Yet they are sacred with all passion sweet,
Passion and tenderness within them meet,
And they are fashioned strong enough for pain.

Ah, heart divinely glad,
The world to thee cannot be wholly sad
Who hast within thee nature's own ground-tone,
The blitheness of blown grasses late in Spring,
Skylarks that o'er the young fields raptly sing,
And trees that all their tenderest green have shown.

Ah, spirit placid-still,
This earth's too restless sorrow never will
Wholly withdraw from thee thy steadfast powers,
Who hast breathed deep the peace of growing things,
Even so hast learned the lesson nature brings
That thou hast touched the spirit of wild flowers.

(Philosophos, Christchurch, Canterbury, New Zealand.)

SNOWDROPS.

You sent me snow-drops, dear, the when
  Your love grew cold.
Three little words: three little tears, so white
So cold and yet so kind: I knowing then,
  Went to a misty land, and there grew old.

In winter time I come again, and lo—
  Snowdrops, a little choir above thy head,
Sing me thy love returned, that I may know
  Thou waitest for me with the Blessed Dead.

(Alex. Zealley, 11, Guilford Street, London, W.C.)

APOLOGY.

What if another made my Song,
  And what if another tuned my Lyre?
Must I fetter my feeble tongue
  And faint in the clasp of a dumb desire?

What though my voice may be harsh and weak—
  It may yet ring true on a single tone,
May sound some note of the truth I seek
  In the words of a Song that is not my own.

What though my hands on the trembling strings,
  Unskilled and coarse, are a grief to me?
Sometimes a thrill of rapture rings
  In the chords of a borrowed Harmony.

Poet of Might, I have sung your Song,
  Laurel-crowned Bard, I have swept your Lyre.
Pardon, I pray you, my seeming wrong,
  For the sake of Small Wit and a Great Desire.

(Archibald J. A. Wilson, Canigon, Oakhurst Avenue, Rondebosch, Cape Town, South Africa.)

LYRIC.

The little cares of house and home
  Weighed heavy as I trod the street,
Then broke the bells of Evensong
  Upon my heart in cadence sweet.

And lo! beyond the burdened trees,
  Beyond the dim and fading lands,
Hung, shining, like a perfect pearl,
  The House that is not made with hands.

(Ethel Ashton Edwards, 15, Brookside, Cambridge.)

SITTING ON A GATE.

Sitting on a gate in the fields that met the morning,
  Watching for the cows that would pass me in the lane;
Half-an-hour to breakfast—the bell would give me warning,
  Time, first, to peep at Aladdin's lamp again!
Chickens fed and pigs fed (and I had helped the feeding),
  One quick run through the daisies and the dew
Brought me to the gate, with a fairy-tale for reading:
  Thus, in life's dawn, the merry morning flew.

Sitting on a gate in the lane they called the Lovers',
  Throned, king and queen, 'twixt the roses and the may,
Guarded from the road by the friendly beech-wood covers,
  Talked we, and laughed we, the light-foot hours away.
Wreathing hat and hair with the wayside roses,
  Life itself a rose that had never seen the rue,
Sharing together our poets and our posies—
  Thus, in love's dawn, the happy morning grew.

Sitting on a gate in the valley that is darker,
  Darker and deeper, than any vale of earth,
Sight fails and heart fails; limbs colder grow and starker,
  Yet the gate will open on lands of morning mirth.
Waiting for the joy of the rosy dawn departed,
  Waiting for the love that the fuller morning knew,
Glad, not sad, for the grey is golden-hearted—
  Thus, in Death's dawn, the morn makes all things new.

(Diana Royds, Heather Cottage, Winton, Bournemouth.)

THE CHATELAN.

I have built one, so have you;
Paved with marble, domed with blue,
Battlement and ladies' bower,
Donjon keep and watchman's tower.

I have climbed as you have done,
To the tower at set of sun—
Crying from its parlous height,
"Watchman, tell us of the night."

I have stolen at midnight bell,
Like you, to the secret cell,
Shuddering at its charnel breath—
Left lockfast the spectre, Death.

I have used your lure to call
Choice guests to my golden hall:
Rarely welcome, rarely free
To my hospitality.

In a glow of rosy light
Hours, like minutes, take their flight—
As from you they fled away,
When, like you, I bade them stay.

Ah, the pretty flow of wit,
And the good hearts under it;
While the wheels of life go round
With a most melodious sound.

Not a vestige anywhere
Of our grim familiar, Care—
Roses! from the trees of yore
Blooming by the rivers four.

Not a jar, and not a fret;
Ecstasy and longing met.
But why should I thus define—
Is not your chateau like mine?

Scarcely were it strange to meet
In that magic realm so sweet.
So! I'll take this dreamland train
Bound for my chateau in Spain.

(Rosslyn, Grafton Book-Room, Khyber Pass.)

FAIRIES.

I can hear the fairies calling from the meadows far away,
Where the daffodils are gleaming through a veil of misty grey;
In the magic of the morning, where the joyous sea-winds blow
Over mountain-tops with golden gorse a-glow!

I can hear the fairies calling from the king-cups all a-sheen
Through a mist of white spray falling down a glen of flickering green,
Where a blue-bell-carpet covers all the ground beneath their feet,
And the black-birds call a greeting loud and sweet.

Fairies, if I heed your calling, if I take your out-stretched hands
Will you lead me through the sunrise to your mystic, golden lands?
"If your heart is as a child's heart, you shall cross the sunrise bar
And the ocean that is lighted by a star.

"Your shall see our land of gladness—hills all green and gold and grey,
You shall wander in the blue-bell glen beside the tossing spray!"
So I go to meet the fairies, childhood's joys once more to find,
With the world and care and trouble left behind!

(Mona Douglas (aged 14), 37, Bentinck Street, Birkenhead, Cheshire.)

GARDEN AND MEADOW.

I know a garden where summer breezes blow,
  Where the shadows linger idle all the day,
You may hear the golden laughter of the sunbeams come and go.
  'Neath the honeysuckle hedges and the may;
Where the roses love to cluster, and the bold nasturtium dwells
You may hear the fairy music of the Canterbury bells.

I know a daisy-field open to the sky—
  Little birds a-swinging on the meadow-sweet—
You may rest and none shall find you where the grasses grow so high,
  And clover-blossoms kiss your weary feet.
While o'er the hedge dividing float the garden sounds and smells
And the fragrant little tinkle of the Canterbury bells.

XUM

I know a daisy-field just at set of sun,—
Could the very fields of Eden be more fair ?—
O to lie among the grasses when the day is nearly done
And the meadow's hushed in radiance !—how I love to linger there,
Where clover-blooms and daisies grow in tiny hills and dells,
And listen to the tinkle of the Canterbury bells.

(Beatrice St. Leger, George, Cape Province, S. Africa.)

We also honourably mention :

Charlotte M. Mew (London W.C.), Syned (Johannesburg), No Hope (Victoria, Australia), Fred. B. Wood (Newfoundland), Florence M. Bradford (London, S.W.), Ethel Weltch (Aldeburge-on-Sea), Guenn F. Newham (Wye, Kent), Emily A. Davidson (Glasgow) Duke Mulloy (London, N.W.), Imvemvane (New South Wales, Australia), Rydal (Lewisham), E. Jotham (Isle of Man), W. M. Lodge (Upper Norwood), A. H. Smith (Great Yarmouth), Granta (Cambridge), Roslyn (Auckland, N.Z.), T. P. Stuart (Dublin), Silver-Pen (Ealing), E. Lovel Langton (Burton-on-Trent), B. R. M. Hetherington (Carlisle), Elizabeth Eaton (Thempston, Beds.), Constance Lindsay (New York), Anita Lea (Liverpool), W. R. Hamilton (Cape Town), Emily Howson Taylor (Patricroft, Lancs.), V. Gillespie (London, S.E.), Florence Bagster (Kendal), E. C. Lansdown (London, N.E.), Furnley Maurice (Victoria, Australia), V. D. Chapman (Burnham, Somerset), Marion (London, N.E.), C. H. Whitby (Yeovil), Alton Locke (Yorkshire), Isaac Jackson (Greenock), E. C. C. 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SONNET ON SOME FAMOUS ENGLISHMAN.

The PRIZE OF FIVE GUINEAS is awarded to Mr. E. J. Martin, of 43, Church Hill, Penistone, Sheffield, for :

ROBERT GREENE, 1560–1592.

Faster the pots went round : with sorry crack
The ribald laugh broke like a stick too dry :
And wenches unashamed and jauntily
For wanton gibe gave wanton answer back :
One bullying voice boomed over all the wrack
From where red-bearded, bold of chin and eye,
Sprawled Hector of the pot house : in that stye
Lord of the lousy trull and cogging jack.

Till suddenly, incongruous as a prayer,
Said one, "A madrigal, Roberto Greene!"
And in a hush hell's orchestra was spent :
Faded then cut-throat, bully, knave and quean,
And floated down a lane a country air—
"Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content."

E. J. MARTIN.

The PRIZE OF TWO GUINEAS is awarded to Mr. George M. Capper, of Manchester Buildings, Melinda Street, Toronto, Canada, for :

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Like that old prophet who in vision stood
Rapt, in the silent valley of the dead :
Around him, as in charnel house, lay spread,
The dry bones of a nameless multitude ;
Then spake a voice unto that Seer good,
Prophesy life : And lo, he prophesied.
Then bone to bone and flesh to flesh were wed,
And a vast army rose with life endued.

Thou wert no less a seer whose wizard pen
Uttered in thought, the resurrection word ;
And straightway from the heather and the fen,
The noise as of a coming host was heard ;
And an immortal brood of maids and men,
Stood upright, by thy breath of magic stirr'd.

GEORGE M. CAPPER.

Honourably mentioned :

HENRY FAWCETT.

("Sans peur et sans reproche.")

A mossy stone above the daisied mould
Beside a village church ! Is this the last
Now left us ? Nay, his memory doth hold
Our hearts in iron bonds forged strong and fast,
Chains in the white-hot mould of suffering cast :—
Like the blind singer's voice in days of old,
That echoes from the shadows of the past,
Piercing the gloom with notes of liquid gold.
What was the charm that won him every heart ?
A heart itself made strong to conquer fate :
A life whose own lost joy did but impart
Fresh zeal to serve his people and the state :
A soul in earthly darkness set apart
To catch the dawning beams from Heaven's gate.

(B. M. Skeat, Ph.D., Baliol School, Sedbergh, Yorkshire.)

SHAKESPEARE.

Shakespeare the MAN, was like most other men :
Frail as his neighbours and as prone to sin,
Wasting the product of his peerless pen
False fleeting love and worldly wealth to win.
Shakespeare the POET of the master mind,
Who touched dead lore and made it live anew,
World's wit and wisdom in one tome confined,
And mortals with immortal stylus drew :
He cannot die the whilst his labours last,
But lives for ages in his deathless rhyme,
Growing in glory till all things are past,
And Death has paid its latest toll to Time :
Till Time, like to a withered leaf, shall die
In the dense forest of Eternity.

(John H. Ingram, 1, Hollingbury Terrace, Brighton.)

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Sad critic Poet ! Love is not for thee ;
Thy spirit's flame in mist is hid too deep,
Mist of the heights thy questing feet still keep
While we are faint for warm humanity,
And the rich failing of an ecstasy.
No wilder beauty makes out senses leap
Than that of moonlight on the roofs asleep,
Silver and sable, pearl and ivory,
Wrappings for sadness. Stay, we would demand
Did thy high purpose never need the hand
Of common loves to leaven and sustain ?
Shamed of our stupid homage we refrain,
Lest you should sift its meaning with a sigh,
Probe, analyse, and, smiling slow, pass by.

(Edith Furniss, 22, Bentley Road, Birkenhead.)

SHAKESPEARE.

The light of one that lit his lustrous age
With brief bright splendour, sank ere yet the day
Caught half the glow of its triumphal ray,
Or gave to time song's perfect heritage ;
And hope fell stricken, hope that should assuage
Grief, when within the tragic arms of May
Her golden melodist in silence lay—
When Marlowe's light died from the English stage.
But up the clouded darkness men saw climb
The quivering splendour of a dawn supreme,
A sovereign glow that lit the face of time
With light as bright as man's most radiant dream
Conceived of Godhead ; such a light sublime
As death should slay not, nor time's self unbeam.

(J. B. O'Hara, South Melbourne College, Australia.)

TO FRANCIS THOMPSON.

Thou camest from afar to this dim sphere,
Rapt singer whose celestial lyre was strung
With far-resounding strings that ever rung
In tune with beauty, love, and truth austere.
For those angelic strains thou once didst hear
In groves of Paradise so sweetly sung,
Thou wouldst impart to us, with mortal tongue
Singing immortal songs to mortal ear.
Vexed was thine earthly pilgrimage, thy feet
Stumbled in thorny paths, yet joy was thine,
Thy spirit soared on pinions strong and fleet.
Oh ! Fame exalts thee, Time for thee shall twine
Undying laurels, poets thrill to greet
Thy Phœnix-soul consumed by fire divine.

(Mrs. C. P. F. Ferrier, 10, Hamilton Park Terrace, Glasgow.)

XUM

STEVENSON.

High on the lonely mountain top he lies,
Amid the verdure of an alien land;
Below his grave the warm Pacific strand
Outstretches to the hue of tropic skies;
And round these seas of old romance there plies
A fleet of craft by his wide fancy manned
With pirates bold, and treasure-seeking band,
And mutineers with wild and murd'rous cries.
From Scottish coast and reef-girt isle they sail,
To linger by this far Samoan shore,
Where lies the teller of the wild sea-tale,
Who plans their long, strange journeyings no more,
Child-heart, wise brain, spirit unquenched and gay—
Surely some fettered Ariel passed this way!

(Lilla Gormhuille McKay, Sarawai Street, Parnell, Auckland, New Zealand.)

SAMUEL RICHARDSON.

NOVELIST AND LETTER-WRITER.

All ye who seek no high experience
Of gay Romance more richly deck'd than life,
Who love the good, the pure, haters of strife
And such as cherish the soul's excellence,
To Richardson may turn with confidence,
Savour the essence of his pages, rife
With happiness of husband, child and wife
And Life's small pleasures writ with eloquence.

From Fleet Street's busy hive he looked and saw
Gay libertines and ladies of degree,
And simple rustics daz'd by London town;
Then said the honest printer, "I will draw
True portraits that all ye who read may see
A mirror held to noble, gentle, clown."

(R. B. Ince, Jarvis Brook, Sussex.)

THOMAS HOOD.

Renown awoke upon his dexterous game
Of kindling mirth from words together thrown;
Nor had he by that gay pursuit alone
From Life's grim lips unworthily won fame;
But deeper far and loftier was his claim
Upon the world—the world that having known
His wit, is yet scarce reconciled to own
The poet's title in the jester's name.

Dauntless as frail, through bitter faring sweet,
He challenged woe with laughter; in his heart
Fortitude's hold was charity's retreat;
And fancy lent his mind her gossamer wing;
And through his soul, that song drew not apart,
The harmony of himself rose triumphing.

(J. Cartwright Frith, Charlton, King's Norton.)

DARWIN.

In humble guise Truth keeps, as oft, her state,
As in the starry heights. Yet a great mind
May quail before that judge, and willing find
More easy ways. Oh, Ignorance and Hate
Ye spared not Galileo old and blind!
For Socrates, whose soul ye could not bind,
The poisoned cup! When Truth and Freedom mate
All things created join their triumph late!
Truth stood amidst us crying "If ye fail
The very stones will speak!" And, lo, they spoke
As did all living things. Oh, God we hail
Thy Truth! We hail Thy servants! Such men broke
Fix'd falsity. How great, yet childlike each—
Bold leaders straining for the light they reach!

(Margaret Dunn (S. Africa), 8, Melrose Gardens, Hammersmith.)

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Thine was a heart so delicately true
To what thou lovedst, that thou couldst not twine
Ear-flattering phrase, and fancy seeming new
Round simple things whose meaning was Divine—
Thus from thy soul, O Prophet, breathed the song
Of happy Nature; birds whose melodies
Rang in thy heart; the leaves, that whispering throng
Of forest-children; and the surging breeze;
And skyward-smiling flowers. Here, indeed,
Thou hadst a heritage of beauty blest
By a most fervent soul, which loved to read
God in the world, and all things at their best.
To weave a halo round a flower's face,
And clothe a daisy with an angel's grace.

(Christine D. Smith, 10, Bond Street, Wakefield, Yorks.)

CAPTAIN SCOTT.

Now, while our eyes are wet with recent tears
Pride thrills our hearts, beholding a new name
In shining letters on the scroll of fame—
Our land's last hero—peer among his peers.
Steadfast of purpose, strong in face of fears
To that drear, desolate, ice-bound land he came
A hard-won, dear-bought victory to claim
Over the hidden secrets of the years.
Too great the price! we cry; but who can judge!
In God's great purposes there is no waste;
Immortal fame by death must oft be won;
What he gave freely England dare not grudge
By death his name's in deathless mem'ry placed
And to his work a nation cries "Well done!"

(A. Walton, 22, Market Street, Gainsborough.)

CARLYLE.

Grey, rugged seer, none comes as yet to claim
Thy mantle—deemed by one a thought too worn,
Too sombre by another; nay, 't is torn
By mountain vigils, scorched by leaping flame
Of fierce endeavour. In thy very name
Clangs tumult and a call to arms. Behold,
We sleep. . . . Come thou and wake us! As of old
Yearn over us, denounce, command, reclaim!
Intolerant lover of thy fellow-men,
Shall any other hand have power to free
Such cleansing winds of anger? And thy smile—
Where shall that sudden splendour burn again
As conquering sunrise on a stormy sea,
Kindling deep, weary eyes like thine, Carlyle?

(Grace Hodsdon Boutelle, Unity House, Corner 3rd Street and 17th Avenue, N. Minneapolis, Minnesota.)

BYRON.

"To our children he will be but a name; to us he is still a man, young, noble, and unhappy." *Macaulay.*

A name, no more? While storms uproot the tree,
While a man's arm or woman's heart be strong,
While there is wine or anger or the sea,
This master-singer shall outlast his song.
He flashed a torch in the sunken face of Rome,
O'er gleaming Venice, and she shone more bright—
Jetsam he was, a clot of bitter foam.
He laughed above the coffin of Delight.
Stainless his name should be who is but a name:
This man had frailties, lapses, vices. Yes—
Critic, out scalpel! cut to the quick of shame,
Gloat or gloss over, sift his sins and guess.
A rake who turned fool-errant at the end!
It is a young man dead. Deal kindly, friend.

(Mrs. E. M. Mott, Berth, Ruthin, North Wales.)

SHELLEY.

Imperial singer, minister of light!
Far reaching as the measureless dome of sky,
Pure as the tenderness of love's first sigh,
Crowned with a nation's worship and the might
Of endless sympathy, upon a height
Where envy withers and false idols die;
Praise halts, unnerved in wonder to descry
Thy wingéd message in its radiant flight!

The struggle of humanity was thine,
Its dreams and aspirations sad with age,
And placid suffering heard thy trumpet call!
And in the alchemy of hues divine
Thy magic traced them on life's blotted page,
To vivify and glorify them all.

(Isidore G. Ascher, 7, Bullingham Mansions, Kensington.)

XUM

THE BROWNING LOVE LETTERS.

HE TO HER.

And this is fame! that after we are gone
Before the books that either of us wrote
These should be prized; each tender, loving note
The world would seek to snatch and gaze upon.
And some men say that I had better done
To burn them all, lest anyone should gloat
O'er sacred things, and talk of them, and quote.
I kept them; I destroyed not even one.
But you, dear, you—you know and understand
I wanted them until my latest breath.
We'll let them squabble, pry, or disapprove,
For there is something yet they have not, and
They cannot have; we two have passed through Death;
Oh! they may keep the letters; we have Love.

(May Jenkinson, 122, Palace Road, Tulse Hill.)

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Dreamer of dreams—pilgrim to fairy shore,
Round which the tides of ancient story moan
Of nations risen, kingdoms overthrown:
Where breezes whisper secrets of deep lore,
And souls of unsung poets, dead before
This world had birth, into men's brains instil
The charm that melts the heart and moulds the will,
And stamps fame's obverse on the evermore.

Doer of deeds—we still behold thy blade
Flash from its sheath, hear still the sea-dogs' song
As thy ship westward furrows through the main,
Still see thee kneeling for the accolade
At thy Queen's hand, or, mid sad shamefaced throng,
For thy red martyr's crown at hest of Spain.

(Stevens Benyon, Belsize, Baldslow Road, Hastings.)

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XUM

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HUMOROUS POEM.

The PRIZE OF FIVE GUINEAS is awarded to Mr. A. S. Barnard, of 8, Victoria Terrace, Walsall, for :

THE PANEL DOCTOR. 1913.

For a score of years he had to sit and wait
  And he wondered if he'd ever earn a fee,
While he listened for the stranger at the gate,
  And he practised spelling patients with a "c."

But the lean and hungry days are gone and past,
  And he's yearning now for just a little peace
From the patients who are coming in so fast
  That the sounds of bell and knocker never cease.

If he ever of the theatre should dream,
  Or should plan to take his daughter to a ball,
Or a quiet little supper-party scheme,
  The telephone goes B-r-r-r and spoils it all.

At bridge he leaves his partner in the lurch
  When the chances are she'll trump his only ace;
They'll even come and drag him out of Church
  While he's hunting through the Hymn-book for his place.

He seldom sees his wife except at meals
  When it's ten to one he gets an urgent call,
And the motor-car's a-dancing on its wheels
  While he's gulping down his coffee in the hall.

Little wonder that he lets his fancy stray
  To the time when he shall cease to run about,
And shall only spend an hour, twice a day,
  As the one-and-only Specialist on Gout.

A. S. BARNARD.

The PRIZE OF TWO GUINEAS is awarded to Mr. Philip A Fowler, of 1, Leigh Road, Clifton, Bristol, for

THE SILVER LINING.

Radiant silver, the poets have said, lines
  Every cloud; I am bound to admit
That when I read in the blackest of headlines,
  "Tar in a Pillar-Box," I am not hit;
    I am not tempted to write to the papers
    Urging the lash for these feminine capers;
      No, not a bit.

We should do better to stifle the brute in us
  When an infuriate Suffragette spills
Bottles of blacking or some other glutinous
  Mess in those boxes that bristle with ills
    Worse than the murrain that plagued the Egyptians:
    Think of the letters that tout for subscriptions!
      Think of the bills!

Circulars, pressing demands from our creditors;
  Are they not daily disturbing our ease?
Think of the weary, unfortunate editors
  Deluged with verses as dreadful as these!
    Think what a gorgeous excuse lies before us
    Now, for not answering letters that bore us!
      Think, if you please!

Ladies who clamour and fight for the suffrage,
  Though you are acting the giddiest goat,
I will not yield to the promptings of rough rage;
  If you believe it will win you the vote
    You have the fullest permission to tarnish
    My correspondence with oceans of varnish;
      I shall but gloat!

PHILIP A. FOWLER.

Honourably mentioned:

RUBAIYAT OF TOPPAR FUZLAM.

Awake! for Morning ushers in the Day
Fixed for the Medal of the Month of May:
  Sure this first Summer Month that brings the Rose
Shall take my Limit Handicap away.

Dreaming when Dawn's Left Hand was in the Sky
I heard the Voices in the Clubroom cry
  "Health to the Winner of the Medal Round!"
The Winner of the Medal Round was I.

Myself when young right regularly came
To hear the Talk of Champions of the Game
  About it and about; but evermore
My bloated Handicap remained the same.

Like them I take my Stance, and swing my Full,
And drive with all the Fury of a Bull;
  And this is all the Harvest that I reap—
I slice like Blazes, and like Blazes pull.

The Ball no Question makes of all my Cares,
But Right or Left as strikes its Fancy fares,
  And He that drove it forth upon the Links,
He stands and swears at it—He *swears*—He SWEARS.

How oft, how oft, in infinite surprise
I watch my Ball as out of Bounds it flies!
  How painfully I reach the Green of Home
Sans Card, sans Balls, sans Temper, and—sans Prize.

But sure this Day of Days shall end my Shame,
For in my Dream I played a faultless Game;
Beating the Colonel at This Hole and That
I earned myself much Honour and much Fame.

Belovéd, fill the Coffee-Cup that clears
TO-DAY of past Defeats and future Fears—
To-morrow?—Why, my Handicap may be
The Single Figure coveted for Years.

The Dream-fed Hope I set my Heart upon
Is turned to Dust and Ashes—and anon,
Like blowing Sand upon the Bunker's Face
Filling a little Eye or two, is gone.

Alas! that Dreams should play such scurvy Tricks!
That Lies with Night's sweet Manuscript should mix!
My Handicap will still be Twenty-Four;
The Total on my Card is One One Six.

(Carp, View Street, Cottesloe, Western Australia)

THE CAILLEACH O' CULZEAN.

Jamie cam' roun' wi' his Amati fiddle,
And played a new spring on the auld clachan green,
When, houp, wi' a loup, and her hands at her middle,
Cam' dancing the Cailleach o' bonnie Culzean.
She pranced and she curtsied, she faced to the playing,
She hooched, and she flang like a soople young lass
And faster and sweeter the music kept saying:
"Come, bonnie young kimmer, and dance on the grass."

"Hold to it, Nancy!" cried Donald the gamie,
"Keep at it, Luckie!" laughed Sandy the wright;
And airs sae bewitching and lo'esome played Jamie,
That auld Nancy swatted and stepped it fu' light.
Sae brawly she tripped it for sic an auld body;
She sprang like a lamb on her creaky auld taes;
Her gleg, gaucy face was as leesome and ruddy
As ony young hizzie's abroad on the braes.

The fiddle sang on like the rippling o' waters,
It whistled like blackies a-praising the dawn,
It spoke o' the beauty o' Scotland's fair daughters,
And Nancy, fu' canty, danced merrily on.
Hooch! at the turning, a clap at the steepping,
A word at the changing o' tune and the time,
Then aff wi' a laugh the auld Cailleach went happing,
And said she was soopler than maist at their prime.

(William Hutcheson, 6, Dudley Drive, Hyndland, Glasgow.)

THE LAST MATCH: A TRAGEDY OF ABSENT-MINDEDNESS.

An orphan! Well, I think I guessed as much!
I knew that I was "almost on the rocks,"
When sudden panic seized me in its clutch
And made me shake the box!

I heard your rattle—music in my ears!—
Then all at once the world around me sped!
Supposing—but what matter *my* mad fears,
If *you* but keep your head!

For this is "miles from anywhere," I vouch:
This moorland scene which stretches to the blue;
And all I have for solace is a pouch,
A seasoned pipe and—you!

I know not how you're made—to what stout tree
Your body owes its birth; nor why a scratch
Should cause you to ignite; enough for me,
My ewe-lamb, you're a match!

And one I fondly hope that has no truck
With a prevailing fashion I dislike.
I dare not count the issue if you struck
And so refused to strike!

Perish the thought!—You're made of sterner stuff!
(The saints be thanked you were not born a Swiss!)
You're not the kind to go off "in a huff,"
Or give a "safety" miss!

Within my last year's Homburg I shall nurse
Your frail but eager glimmer into flame;
But oh! the fearful curses I shall curse
If you don't play the game!

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XUM

Therefore I trust you'll prove a " matchless " friend ;
Light-headed as you please, but sound of skull !
Meanwhile, I'm praying that the fates may send
The psychologic lull. . . .

The Gods are kind !—the wind—that errant foe !—
Has for the moment sought a change of clime.
My pipe's between my teeth ; my Homburg, so !
And quick ! now. . . . NOW'S the time !

'Tis over ! There you lie, inert and charred !
A match that died before its time was ripe !
Not *you* to blame, but this forgetful bard
Who had not filled his pipe !

(Cyril G. Taylor, Farr Hall, Heswall, Cheshire.)

THE ESSENTIAL REQUIREMENT.

My wife (we are strangers as yet !)
Will be simply distractingly pretty,
With soft eyes of blue, a dimple or two,
And a tongue not unpleasantly witty ;
She will be a most charming brunette,
With a nose just a trifle retroussé—
Not much, but a hint (I tone it for print !)
That she doesn't care tuppence what you say.

Her figure will be very chic—
A slim adaptation of Juno ;
Her musical taste will be cheerful but chaste,
Embracing Paul Rubens and Gounod.
Possessed of a perfect physique,
She won't spend a fortune on clothing,
But if with herself she brings me some pelf. . . .
I shan't view the lucre with loathing.

She'll applaud with approval complete
My verses whene'er I declaim them—
Most people refuse to be bored by my muse,
And, somehow, I never could blame them !
Of course she will think I am SWEET !—
(On the whole not a difficult matter !)
She'll nurse me, and cherish, and see I don't perish,
And coax me, and pet me, and flatter.

But one thing must be very clear
Ere I marry this mythical Crichton—
If this she will do we'll rush the thing through,
And go honeymooning at Brighton :
It will prove that her love is sincere,
After all words are little or no test—
We'll clinch the affair if she'll solemnly swear
To clean out my pipes without protest !

(E. L. Roberts, Kenwood Bank, Sheffield.)

WITH APOLOGIES TO ALICE IN WONDERLAND.

You are old Father Bookman, the reader once cried,
And your fame is established quite.
And yet you incessantly tax our poor minds,
Do you think at your age it is right ?

In my youth said the Bookman, with not the least sneer,
I feared it might injure your brain,
But now that I'm perfectly sure you have none,
Why I do it again and again.

You are old Father B. as I mentioned before,
And have offered some cheques really fat !
Indeed, I've tried hard, but I've not got one yet,
Pray what is the reason of that ?

In my youth, again smiling, the Bookman replied,
All the prizes were specs at the most.
Though I've heard people say that they *must* " take me in,"
Yet I don't seem to mind their proud boast !

You are old Father B, as I've said more than once,
Your connection you never can sever,
And your pages are full of most excellent stuff,
What made you so awfully clever ?

" I have answered three questions and that is enough "
Said the Bookman, " You're not at all nice :
I know you look forward to every new month
Be off, or I'll put up my price ! "

(Hilda M. Barrow, All Saints' Rectory, Hastings.)

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XUM

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When we consider the design and arrangement of a room in which people are to live, we folk of northern countries cannot fail to perceive that nothing can be more important and essential than the hearth, the fireplace. It is the centre, the point of concentration, in a word, the *focus* of the life of the room. How poor a substitute is the best stove, anthracite, oil, gas, electricity, however cunningly devised to imitate a genuine fire, compared with the genial beauty and charm and welcome of the open fire with its leaping flames, or the mellow glow and radiance of good house coal that has passed the gaseous youth of its active existence. We forget what a long process of revolution has gone to the making of our modern fireplace. Fashions have ruled, convenience has been consulted, experiment has followed experiment. First we had the rude clay hearth in the middle of the hut, and the smoke departing through the open door or through a hole in the roof. Then came the wall fireplace and the evolution of the hood above it to catch the smoke and the chimney to carry it away, then these fireplaces as part of the architectural structure were decorated in various ways We remember the national concern over the magnificent fireplaces of Tattershall castle, the finest remaining examples of late Gothic fireplaces. The Renaissance period gave us many elaborate designs, and in the sixteenth century England was enriched with exquisitely beautiful fireplaces in every material, wood, stone, stucco brickwork. The seventeenth and eighteenth centuries followed and developed the earlier work; and everyone knows something of the charm of the Adams fireplace in an Adams room. It was in the nineteenth century that the art of the fireplace fell, though in our own day it is more or less restored to its high estate. Mr. L. A. Shuffrey has prepared and Mr. Batsford has published a superb volume tracing the development of the English fireplace from the beginning down to the nineteenth century. The information is accurate, and the pains taken to collect details and examples must represent years of continual preoccupation and loving care, while the illustrations, numbering three hundred and fifty, including one hundred and thirty collotype plates, show every kind of fireplace all over England. For the amateur and for the architect the book is equally of immense value.

CARAVANNING AND CAMPING OUT: Experiences and Adventures in a Living Van and in the Open Air, with Hints and Facts for would-be Caravanners. By J. Harris Stone, M.A., F.L.S., F.C.S. With upwards of 100 Illustrations and Diagrams from Photographs and Drawings. 15s. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

Quoting Sir James Moody, the eminent brain specialist, the author writes: "He said that he knew of no life that gave such a complete brain rest as caravanning; and he confidently recommended it to the busy, overworked, broken-down man or woman." Why, then, should there not be such books as this on the art of caravanning? After likening the pastime to yachting, Mr. Stone says: "Because of its unconventionalities, caravanning has become a delightful pursuit, and has rapidly come into favour. It has passed through the fiery furnace of public opinion, has cast adrift the shady reputation built up by basket-vendors, itinerant tinkers, and roost-robbing gipsies, and now claims among its patrons the best, most thoughtful, and sanest portion of the community." On caravans, their build, materials, inside fittings, etc., routes, pitches, and what-not, the author has, of course, much to tell, for he is a long-standing vagabond of that sort. Every intending caravanner should certainly read what he writes on these subjects. One of his stories concerns a young lady, "extremely delicate and partially paralysed," whose doctor told her that she should live out-of-doors. "Being of an active and practical mind, she set to work to see how she could, within her means," carry this out. "Her cart she describes as 'strange and happy looking.' It is four-wheeled, rather like a trolley, and painted bright blue, with a yellow oilskin hood," rounded at the top and just high enough to sit under in comfort. It is drawn by a donkey. In one of her letters from rural Gloucestershire she writes: "I carry a hamper of food, and one of soap and brushes and tools, etc., and a box of books, a small faggot of wood for emergencies, and a gallon can of water. I have a covering of sheepskins with the wool on them, and a sack of oats, bran, chaff, hay, or something to feed my little ass upon. Also I keep in a bag the donkey's brush and comb and chain, etc., and the harness when not in use. I do not travel after dark, but if overtaken by dusk I hang out my candle lantern." Altogether the book is an excellent thing of the road, and it is well got up as to printing, paper, and binding.

The Author's Pitch on Warmington Village Green.

From "Caravanning and Camping Out," by J. Harris Stone (Herbert Jenkins).

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"Her golden hair—confined by a bandeau of turquoise blue velvet—was dressed in a fashionable coiffure which I can only describe as being a veritable work of art." "A waist so small and so tightly corseted that it fairly took my breath away and left me gasping. Ye gods, what a figure!" Here are typical examples of the sentences which occur in **"Irma of Carpathia"** (6s.). If only Mr. Percy J. Hartley would grasp the fact that readers of Balkan (or Zenda) romances are perfectly willing to imagine the gorgeous beauty of the heroine with but little assistance from the author, his book would have been better worth reading. Still, it is not difficult to get at the very attractive and spirited story which Mr. Hartley has to tell, and the book may be recommended to everybody.

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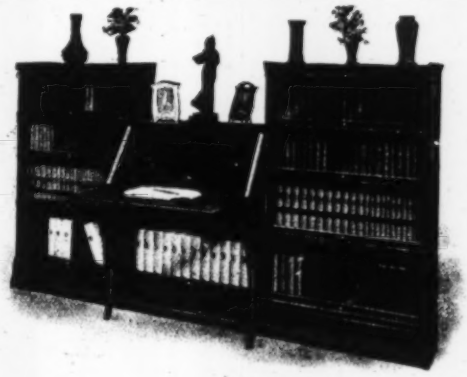

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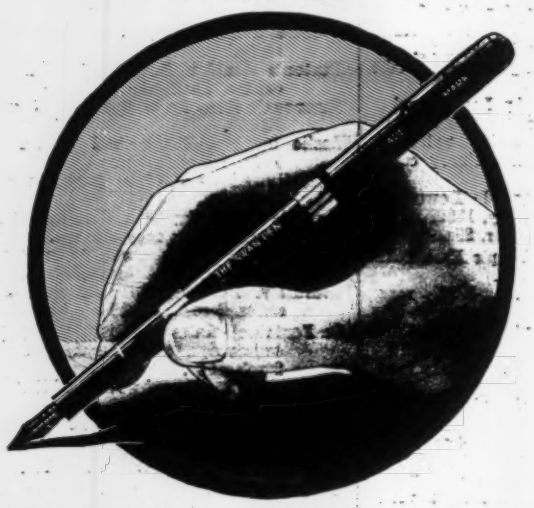

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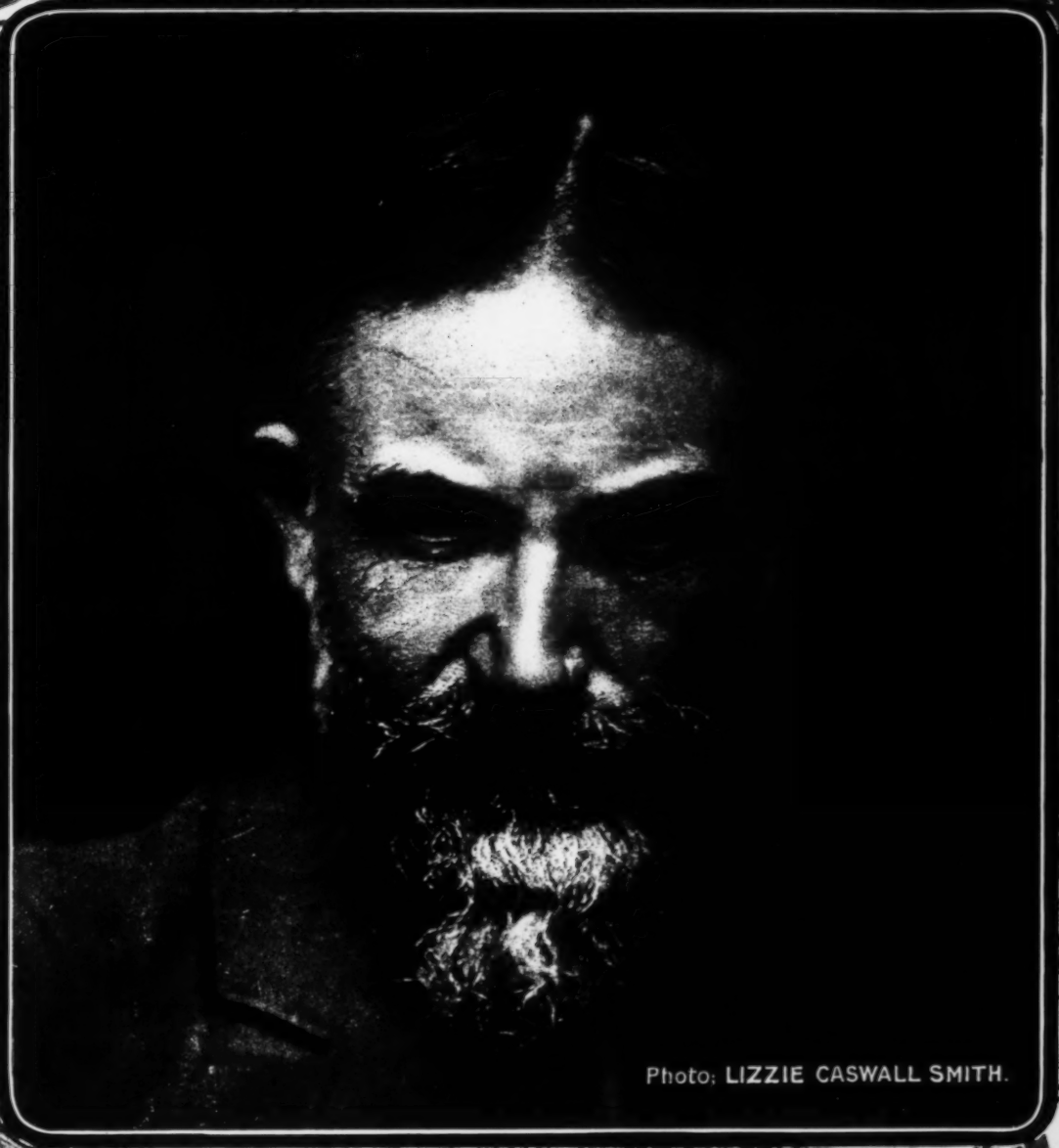

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